The Centre Reporter.

VOL. LXV. CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1892. NO. 11.

Fish stories will be in season after April 15.

The anti-Quay fever is beginning to run high among Republicans.

It is too early for the liar about snakes—they won't wriggle yet.

Wages have gone down in all industrial centres. Charge it to the McKinley tariff act.

From different sections of the Northwest come reports of persons frozen to death in last week's blizzard.

If the tariff question and free coinage of silver were settled, the country could get along right well for five years without a session of congress.

England has a great coal strike on hand. Over 100,000 men have gone out, and many of the great iron works have been obliged to shut down. Much distress will result, among the middle and lower classes.

The other day the New York customs authorities discovered a clever device to convey goods into this country.

One of the cabin passengers on the steamship Saale, from Bremen, had a quantity of diamond jewelry under a porous plaster on his back.

The Philadelphia *Times* closed its 17th year a few days ago. It is proud of its success and has a right to be, for it is a power in the state and nation, a favorite with all, and displays first-class ability in its editorial department and elegance in its typography.

That would be a good law introduced in the senate by Senator Allison to compel railroads to equip their cars with automatic couplers within a certain time. The bill makes it unlawful for any railroad to use cars not so coupled and imposes fines for violation of the act.

Auditor General McCamant's report on finances for the past year states that the receipts were unusually heavy, being an increase of $5,200,000 over the preceding year. The greater portion of this increase comes from the refund of the direct tax by the United States Government an increases of tax on corporations.

There was an increase of more than $900,000 in the State tax on personal property. There was also an increase of $500,000 on the collateral inheritance tax, $40,000 from foreign insurance companies, $72,000 from bonus on charters, and considerable from liquor licenses.

This is not a free country any more—there is no use in talking. Just see: A fellow gets a cramp in his stomach, a griping of the bowels or the United States belly-ache, and if he goes to the druggist for a half-pint of whisky to cure himself he must first be fortified with a prescription from a doctor before he can get the cure. Another fellow only feels a little dry in the throat and does not have any of the above ailings, he can go into a saloon or tavern five times a day, and get a half-pint without any prescription at all. The equality of the citizens is destroyed—this is no more a free country. The Declaration of Independence is set aside. The druggist is not the equal of the saloonist, and the thirsty one has rights not enjoyed by the fellow with the belly-ache.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* says Pennsylvania's Ballot Reform law has many faults, due in part to the necessity of reconciling the Australian Ballot law to the numbering provisions of the State Constitution, but the opposition to it started by the Prohibitionists appears to be unreasonable. When the State undertakes to print the ballots there must be some regulation directing what candidates' names shall be printed. The law recognizes the right of every party casting three per cent of the votes at the preceding election to name candidates. It provides, moreover, that other candidates may be nominated and have their names printed by petition, and finally that each bailot shall have blank space whereon the indidual voter may write the name of the person he desires to vote for. Thus no one is shut out from a free choice. Elections are left "free and equal," and the printing of the ballots is simply regulated in a reasonable way. To abandon the regulations would be destructive of the system, for if the bars were let down each individual in the State could demand the printing ballots for his special use, and even the time limitation might be declared an interference with the free and equal right of a belated citizen to have his ballots printed. The law is not a model enactment, but it is entirely reasonable and fair in the particular sections attacked by the Prohibitionists.

The Tariff Debate Opens.

The debate upon the free wool bill began in the House, the participants being Mr. McMillin, of Tennsessee, and Mr. Dingley, of Maine. The report of the two speeches shows that they were not confined to the subject actually before the committee of the whole, but took a wide range, covering the whole general subject of the system of revenue from duties upon imports. Summed up in a sentence, Mr. McMillin's speech was an elaborate exposure of the unnecessary high rate of duties levied by the McKinley bill, and Mr. Dingley's as elaborate a defense of it as could be made under the circumstances.

The *Times* says: Mr. McMillin's strongest point was his challenge to the Republicans to show that the farmer had received more for his wool or the laborer any advance in wages since the passage of the McKinley bill. Even Mr. Dingley did not meet this challenge. The second charge that the cost of the laborers' home, the tools he works with and the clothes he and his family wear have been increased, while his wages have remained stationary, was likewise unanswered. The single benefit to the masses contained in that measure—free sugar—was shown to be much more than offset by the increased price of other necessaries. Mr. McMillin's figures showed that the farmers had not been benefited, as American wool is cheaper than before the passage of the bill and the number of sheep decreasing rather than otherwise, while shoddy as an ingredient of the clothing of the masses had taken the place of the fleeces of 29,000,000 sheep since the adoption of the high duty on wool.

Mr. Dingley's reply was ingenious, but hardly argumentative. By deducting the duties formerly levied on sugar and other articles now on the free list he claimed that the average duty on all imports was but 21¼ per cent., against 32 per cent. under the old law and 27 per cent. under the Mills bill of 1888. Mr. Dingley evidently has a genius for figures that mislead. Hardly more convincing was his reference to our increased exports, which everybody knows were due to our big crops of wheat and corn and a crop failure in Europe, and not to the McKinley bill at all. When the logic of facts is against the orator, however, he must resort to sophistry and misstatement or acknowledge himself beaten, and Mr. Dingley credited to the McKinley bill the blessings of Providence probably because Providence failed to have a representative on the floor of the House to expose the fraud.

Cleveland Will Run.

Grover Cleveland has written a letter stating that he will be a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination at Chicago.

The letter was in response to one from Hon. E. S. Bragg, who asked Mr. Cleveland his intentions.

In the course of the letter Mr. Cleveland says:

"I cannot, however, refrain from declaring to you that my experience in the great office of president of the United States has so impressed me with the solemnity of the trust and its awful responsibilities that I cannot bring myself to regard a candidacy for the place as something to be won by personal strife and active self-assertion.

"I have also an idea that the presidency is pre-eminently the people's office, and I have been sincere in my constant advocacy of the effective participation in political affairs on the part of all our citizens, consequently I believe the people should be heard in the choice of their party candidates, and that they themsleves should make nominations, as directly as is consistent with open, fair and full party organization and methods."

GREENLAND IS THE MAN.

He Gets the Appointment of Adjutant General of Pennsylvania.

Governor Pattison Tuesday afternoon appointed Colonel Walter W. Greenland, of Clarion, as Adjutant General to succeed the late William McClellend, and O. E. McClelland, superintendent of the middle division, Pennsylvania railroad, as Quartermaster General on the Governor's staff to fill the vacancy created by the appointment of Colonel Greenland.

He was born in Cassville, Huntingdon county, but at the time of his appointment he lived in Clarion county, and has quite a military record.

Colonel Greenland was among the first to respond to the call for aid during the terrible calamity at Johnstown in 1889, and remained there six weeks rendering valuable aid to Adjutant General Hastings.

The Sexton the Winner.

A Lancaster church gives a medal to every person that misses neither a church nor a Sunday school service during the year. Only one was awarded for the past year, and the sexton got that one.

Getting Ready for Pulverizing.

It is apparent from cablegrams giving the latest advices from Moscow and St. Petersburg that the Czar of Russia is making preparations to do a little "pulverizing" on his own account if necessary. Mobilization and equipment of troops with new firearms is going on at military stations in Russia in preparation for the transfer of an increased force to the western boundary of Russia. Since January, if reports are true, a quarter of a million infantry, ten thousand cavalry and a heavy artillery force have been moved to the line of fortresses along the German-Austrian frontier, and as many more are likely to be sent thither in the next few weeks. War between Russia and Germany is not anticipated in the near future, but there can be no question but that the Czar intends to be ready for war, either defensively or aggressively.

The German Emperor in a recent speech made the remark that he would pulverize Russia.

Wiser But Poorer.

A Uniontown, Pa., dispatch of the 3d details the fact as follows: Jacob Prinkey, a wealthy farmer of Wharton township, this county, is wiser, sadder and $2,000 poorer than on Tuesday. Three days ago a man of good address came to his place and represented that he was connecte with a railroad being built through that section. Yesterday morning he told Prinkey that it was foolish and yet a strange thing that for the last three nights he had been at his house he had dreamed each night of a certain tree on Prinkey's farm that was filled with money. The stranger described the tree minutely and Prinkey recognized it and said he could lead the way to it. The alleged railroader persisted that there was nothing in his dream, but Prinkey was interested and took him to a tree which they cut down. When the tree fell great heaps of shining silver rolled from the hollow in the tree. Prinkey was greatly excited and procured sacks and baskets and the precious metal was taken to his house. When counted there were $4,000 in all. The agreement was that they should divide, but the stranger said he could not carry his and asked Prinkey to give him paper money. Prinkey did so and the man vanished. Last night Prinkey became suspicious and when a test was made of his silver it was found to be bogus.

New Silver Coinage.

The new silver coinage added to the old gives plenty of small money, five, ten, twenty-five and fifty cent pieces, to business men, relieving them from the inconvenience which they suffered for a while, because of its scarcity. The dime saving tubes, which withdrew so large a quantity of the old ten cent pieces from circulation are too small to admit the new piece of that denomination. Unless a new tube is produced to do this the new ten cent piece cannot be hoarded in this way.

Divided into Three Precincts.

The viewers appointed for the erection of three precincts in Miles township, have reported in favor of same. The west precinct will have Madisonburg for its capitol; the middle precinct Rebersburg, and the east precinct Wolf's Store.

Public Sale.

William Holderman will offer at public sale on the Mrs. Curtin farm, near Linden Hall, on Monday next, March 21st, at one o'clock, live stock, farm implements, household goods, etc.

Good News for the Depositors.

The statement is made that Receiver Emerson Collins, of the defunct Muncy National Bank, says he will pay off the depositors in full within the next ninety days.

Big Fire at DuBois.

DuBois, Pa., had a $100,000 fire a few days ago. The opera house and fine store of the millionaire, John E. DuBois were the buildings destroyed. No insurance.

Cold Snap.

Monday was cold with high winds; at night much colder and fiercer winds. The fields, thank Providence, are protected by a good mantle of snow.

To Meet in Bellefonte.

The Methodist conference adjourned at York, Pa., this week, to meet in session next year at Bellefonte.

Died.

On the 5th inst, near Moyer's mill on Pine Creek, Mary, wife of David Korman, aged 40 years, two months and 22 days.

If there were no session of the Pennsylvania legislature for ten years, the people would not miss it.

SPRING MILLS.

A Peculiar Mania Developed Among the Young Folks. Other Interesting Happenings the Past Week.

C. P Long now lives in the mansion.

The new meat market was opened on Saturday.

J. D. Long has bought the Hanna farm in Georges Valley.

Sue Long and Lillian Krise crossed the mountain on Tuesday to Bellefonte.

J. R. Snyder and wife were to their home over Sunday, in Centreville, Snyder co.

Miss Sadie Breon is staying at Aaronsburg this winter, taking care of a professor and a sick aunt.

R. B. Bartges, who is now working at Centre Hall, has become the father of of a bouncing boy baby.

Centre Castle, No. 169, K. G. E., initiated two candidates and reinstated two members last Saturday night.

A party of town are going to Bellefonte on Saturday. It is said that they are all going to stop at the Hotel de Ishler.

Samuel Waits' sale was largely attended, and a number of the horses were bought by persons living in this end of the valley.

Rev. J. H. Hertz, who will be the Evangelical minister for Spring Mills next year, will move into town soon. He will occupy the house vacated by Rev. Kennelley.

Our friend and townsman, M. A. Kennelley, has lately become a full-fledged minister. He will take charge of a circuit at Milesburg, whither he will move as soon as his school is finished.

Our young folks are having a mania for making maple sugar. Some one tried to get the sap out of the old tree on the hill that has been dead lo! these many years. Our town prophet predicts that soon every hitching post in town will have a spout in its side and that the present price of maple sugar will be reduced one-half.

METHODIST APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Appointments Showing Where the Ministers Go For This District.

The following appointments have been made for this the Altoona district, by the Methodist conference, in session the past week at York, Pa:

B. B. Hamlin, Presiding Elder.
P. O. Tyrone.
Allegheny, Supply, (L. L. Logan).
Altoona, Asbury, J. H. McCord, Supernumerary.
" Chester Avenue, A. R. Miller.
" Eighth Avenue, H. R. Bender.
" Fifth Avenue, William Moses.
" First Church, D. S. Monroe.
" North, L. F. Smith.
" Simpson Church, R. E. Wilson.
Bellefonte, W. A. Houck.
Bellwood, J. B. Stein.
Birmingham, J. B. Brenneman.
Clearfield, G. D. Penepacker.
Coalport, L. M. Brady.
Curwensville, L. M. Smyser.
Duncansville, G. E. King.
Glen Hope, Supply, (Job Truax).
Half Moon, A. P. Wharton.
Hastings, Supply, (W. H. Closson).
Hollidaysburg, E. T. Swartz.
Houtzdale, W. F. D. Noble.
Howard, N. B. Smith.
Irvona, Supply, (G. P. Sarvis).
Lumber City, C. A. Biddle.
Martinsburg, and Woodburg, A. W. Guyer.
Mckee's Gap, Bruce Hughes.
Milesburg and Unionville, George Warren.
Morrisdale, C. W. Rishel.
Mountaindale, H. K. Ash.
New Washington, George Trach.
Osceola, M. C. Piper.
Penn's Valley, R. W. Illingworth.
Philipsburg, T. S. Wilcox.
Pine Grove, J. W. Glover.
Pleasant Gap, F. W. Leidy.
Port Matilda, J. C. Young.
Ramey, F. S. Vough.
Roaring Spring, F. M. Welsh.
Shawnut, Hugh Strain.
Snow Shoe, J. W. Forrest.
Tyrone, First church, R. H. Gilbert.
" Second church, William Brill.
Wallacetown, E. W. Wonner.
Warriorsmark, J. W. Ely.
West Clearfield, E. H. Witman.
Williamsburg, H. N. Minnigh.
Woodland and Bradford G. W. Bouse.

Services During the Week.

Rev. Baskerville, pastor of the Presbyterian church, every evening this week will have services in the church. Communion services next Sunday afternoon at the usual hour.

Bring Low Prices.

Horses are low, because nobody wants any. Pigs are high, because everybody wants 'em.

——The reason we lead the shoe trade is because we best satisfy the people for a genuine bargain.—Mingle, Bellefonte.

——Mingle's shoe store receives new stock every day. Prices are always fair and reasonable.

——Apples wanted.—G. O. Benner.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, March 14, 1892.

Mr. Harrison certainly has not favorably impressed the majority of the republican Senators by his manipulation of the Behrings Sea matter in such a way as to create a war scare, whatever effect it may have had in other quarters. Senator Sherman, who is chairman of the Senate committee on Foreign Affairs, expressed his opinion in very few words by saying: "A war, or even a contention between the United States and Great Britain for a cause so trivial as one year's fishing for seals, would be a crime against civilization." A prominent republican, who is a warm personal friend of Secretary Blaine, said to-day that this whole affair had been directed by Mr. Harrison without the knowledge of Mr, Blaine, who was for nearly a week too sick to attend to any business, and that when Mr. Blaine learned what had been done his first impulse was to take advantage of his illness, make that an excuse, and tender his resignation to take effect at once. He was persuaded to change his mind, but it is not at all certain that he will consent to ramain in the cabinet. He is going South as soon as he can travel, and the date for his return is very uncertain. Naval officials are dropping mysterious hints about sending a naval force strong enough to fight to stop the poaching in Behrings Sea, but nobody here believes that there will be any fighting, or any occasion for fighting.

The democrats of the House held a caucus Saturday night and authorized a committee to select the House members of the Congressional campaign committee for this year. Representative McCreary, of Kentucky, will probably be the chairmen of the committee, which will begin work at once.

The United States Government has profited directly to the extent of $4.000.000 by its dealings with the inventors of the country, that being the amount of the surplus earnings of the Patent Office now lying idle in the U. S. Treasury, to say nothing of the indirect benefit the country has received by reason of the inventions upon which it has granted patents. This makes it seem all the harder that on account of the failure of Congress to authorize the expenditure of a portion of the surplus earnings of the patent Office, to provide necessary room, the Commissoner of Patents has been compelled to stop furnishing copies of patents issued. This is a hardship, not only to inventors, but to manufacturers, owners of patents, and other business men who for one reason or another often find it important to have copies of certain patents.

Great business pressure is being brought to bear on the House committee on Rivers and Harbors, in favor of the proposed ship channels connecting the great lakes, and more than one hundred Representatives, from Northern, Central and Western States have signed a letter addressed to the committee, strongly endorsing the scheme and asking that it be reported to the House.

The House comittee on Territories will take a formal vote on the bill for the admission of New Mexico, on Wednesday of this week. It will be favorably reported, and it is believed that it will certainly pass the House, but the indications are that it will be "hung up" in the Senate.

Senator Hill's southern trip appears to be giving the republicans a lot of trouble. He goes in response to warm and pressing invitations, and he is certain to meet a welcome worthy of his distinguished services for, and his prominent position in the democratic party.

So many members of the House wish to make speeches on the free wool bill, now before the House, that it will be necessary to hold night sessions this week in order to give even a few of them a chance to have their say before the vote is taken, next Monday. The present arrangement is to have the debate closed by ex-Speaker Reed, for the republicans, and Speaker Crisp, for the democrats.

Two things will occur on Tuesday, March 22, in which democrats everywhere are deeply interested. At Washington the House will take up the Bland free coinage bill, and Austin, Texas, the legislature in special session will begin ballotting for a Senator. There are three candidates here—Senator Chilton, who holds the position by gubernatorial appointment; Representatives Mills, and Culbertson, who declined the position of Interstate Commerce Commissioner to which ex-Representative Clements of Georgia, has since been nominated, because of his desiring to enter the Senatorial contest, and it is greatly to their credit that all three of them propose remaining here and attending to their Congressional duties while the contest is being decided.

Representative Springer is slowly recovering but his physicians do not hold out much hope of his being able to take any further part in the work of this session.

The bill for the admission of Arizona will be favorably reported this week, and it will in due time be passed by the House.

The Pennsylvania as a Disburser.

[Editorial in Philadelphia Press, March 10th, '92.]

The speech of President Roberts at the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Railroad was interesting in giving a novel and striking idea of the importance to business interests of the community of a great corporation. The public, except that portion of it employed by the railroads, is apt to regard them as a tremendous concern which simply moves freight and carries passengers and as a great absorber of money. They do not know, or they forget, that the railroad company pays back to the community in cash promptly the larger portion of its earnings in wages, and that it is, besides, a large purchaser of manufactures and a patron of every department of trade. A purchasing agent in this city recently bought for his company some sewing needles and an anchor on the same day. It would be difficult to mention any article of commerce in which a railroad company in its capacity as a consumer does not deal.

In his speech, Mr. Roberts pointed out the extent of the Pennsylvania Railroad's operations as a purchasing and consuming portion of the community. He showed that during the last decade that corporation had absorbed the productions of Philadelphia alone to the extent of $15,800,000, or at the rate of $1,500,000 per year. The man or corporation which adds $5000 per day to the business of his city, and does it for ten years, ought to be cultivated. This sum, it is understood, includes only the money spent in actual improvements—in terminals, wharves, warehouses, shops in the city, &c., which indirectly tend to make further increases in commerce and trade in many directions.

The total expenditures of the Pennsylvania Railroad are, of course, much larger, and after showing what the road had done for the city, President Roberts took up those figures. In the single year of 1891 the Pennsylvania Railroad expended in this Commonwealth the enormous sum of $52,000,000, or at the rate of $1,000,000 per week. There are not three railroads in the United States whose gross earnings are equal to this sum, a fact which, after all, gives but a small idea of the immensity of the Pennsylvania's disbursing capacity, as we believe forty other millions were spent on portions of the line outside the State. The figures do not need elaboration. They demonstrate at once how much and how important a part of the community the Pennsylvania Railroad is, and point out its intimate relations to all matters pertaining to business in a most striking way.

The ultimate effects of these large, constant, and timely expenditures cannot bo contemporaneously known or pointed out. We of this generation can only see that they have added largely to the convenience of the public, that they have made the city more accessible to freight shippers, that they have increased our coastwise and foreign trade, that they have added to our manufacturers, and in a hundred ways built up and promoted the stability of the city and Commonwealth. President Roberts and his able lieutenants are to be congratulated on having done so much toward the development of commerce and the promotion of all that tends to a broader and more beneficent civilization.

SAD DEATH.

Farmers Mills Again Visited by the Grim Messenger.

The vicinity of Farmers Mills was again visited by that grim messenger, Death, on Monday, and from its midst was plucked a fair flower. The victim this time was Miss Elizabeth Ream, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ream, whose death occurred on last Monday. She was aged only about 22 years. She had not been in the best of health for some time past, but her condition was not at any time considered serious until a few days previous to her death. She suffered from heart trouble, which with other conplications ended in her demise. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning, Rev. Fischer, officiating.

Not Received.

One of the factions of the Evangelical church sent a minister to Millheim to serve the Evangelical brethren there, but he was not allowed to have their church for his use in preaching.

——If in need of anything in the boot or shoe line don't forget that Mingle, Bellefonte, has the finest line in the state from which to select. He guarantees all goods and you have good returns for your money.

THE PREY OF LEECHES.

SLEEPING ROOMS ATTACKED BY FIERCELY HUNGRY WORMS.

A Leech Farm in a Populous Part of San Francisco, Cal.

People in the Western Addition have slept soundly for years in ignorance of the fact that at any moment a plague, worse than the locusts of Egypt, might come crawling into open windows and under loosely-hung doors—a plague of fierce blood-hungry leeches.

There is an extensive leech farm at 1125 Bush street, where 10,000 of the repulsive monsters are confined awaiting purchasers. The farm is one of two in the United States, the other being in New York, and there at times 50,000 leeches squirm ceaselessly about, over and through swamp muck, constantly searching for some hapless animal that chance may have mired down to furnish a feast for the insatiate annelidal.

The leeches at the San Francisco farm broke away the other night and overspread the neighboring tenement in a very short time. Hundreds of them crawled up the walls and tried every window and crevice, seeking an entrance because of some instinctive knowledge that in the house they could find succulent pasturage upon the forms of sleepers who rested without knowledge of the threatening danger.

But a minority found their way into the sleeping-rooms—not more than a thousand—but even that number of snaky, greenish-black, creepy worms sufficed to terrify the occupants almost into fits when they felt the eager suction of the leeches and awoke to find themselves festooned with the ugly products of the swampy ooze of Bordeaux.

The first to awaken was a young lady, and she was not long in announcing her distress and arousing her fellow-occupants of the house, only to find that each of them had for room companions from a score to hundreds of the leeches.

Brooms were savagely plied in every corner and under every piece of furniture. Bedclothing was shaken and closely examined. Leechbites were dressed with soothing applications, and after several hours of activity the household again settled down to rest.

Next morning an examination of the premises and those adjacent was made, and when the leech farm was discovered the secret was out, as well as the leeches.

The worms are brought from France, where about Bordeaux there are wide areas of black, light ooze in which leeches of the fiercest sort multiply unstinted. The ooze fairly heaves with their writhing at the season of the year when they are most active, and it is then that one of the cruelest sights possible may be seen.

Old horses, worn out in faithful service, are driven into the marshes and are soon covered with the hungry leeches, which fasten to lips, eyelids, nose or any other tender part, and hang to until glutted with the life-blood of their victim, or until the wretched horse weakens under the drain and falls to suffocate in the slime of the leech morass.

When leeches are desired to send to New York or San Francisco men are hired whose poverty compels them to acceptany chance. The men walk barelegged into the borders of the leech swamps and are immediately covered by the repulsive crawlers, but before they can more than pierce the skin of the men with their sharp semilunar teeth they are swept off into pouches, from which they are counted out into beds of wet moss and boxes of their native ooze, embedded in which they are transported safely any distance.

The large leeches, such as those of Japan, which reach two feet in length, are not in common use, nor are certain poisonous sorts such as the small black leeches of Australia. The thick, fat, fierce worms of Hungary, Sicily and France are preferred by practitioners who use leeches, and it is from those countries that the rest of the world is supplied. The San Francisco leech farm is formed by placing quantities of the ooze of the Bordeaux swamps, especially imported for the purpose, in large boxes with tight covers. The leeches bore about through the muck, until wanted for sale, when they are counted out, washed and disposed of, ready to bite any living thing and hang on until they are swollen to eight or ten times their ordinary size. Then they drop off and lie dormant until assimilation shall have been finished and hunger again arouses them.—[San Francisco Examiner.

Water Power and Electricity.

A most interesting application of water power to electric lighting and heating purposes has been made at a shooting lodge in the west highlands of Scotland. A dam was built across a small mountain burn some 800 feet above the lodge. The water is led for some distance past the dam in an open drain, and at a point about 650 feet above a turbine, to which it is conducted in a closed pipe. The waterfall thus made is the highest that is used for electric lighting in the British Isles. The current is conveyed from the turbine house to the various buildings, the lodge about two hundred yards distant, the stables, laundry and head stalker's cottage, some four hundred yards away, by means of insulated conductors laid underground in tarred wood troughing and completely protected by melted bitumen run into the troughs. In all there are some 292 electric lamps installed. A special feature of the installation is a system of electric stoves, which are used for warming and keeping dry the cellars and various other parts of the buildings. Any one who has lived in the mountains of Scotland and has had experience of their damp and inclement climate can well understand what a godsend such appliances are at times when a "Scotch mist" is ruling for weeks together.—Chicago News.

The Swedish Capitol.

When does Stockholm present itself to its best advantage? Is it when the hoarfrost, covering the naked branches of the trees and shrubberies, seems to transform the parks and gardens into coral groves, while her waters lie icebound on every side; when, in the frosty winter evening, from the harbors devoid of ships, flaming bonfires and pale electric lights, stirring music, dancing streamers, the merry din of voices, the gleaming skates, and the strong, the graceful, the gay skaters entice you down on the ice to mingle with the rosy-cheeked girls, the sturdy boys, the middle-aged, nay, even the old, in friendly competition. Or is it on a sunny day, in the lovely month of May, when the radiant sunlight trembles on the tender foliage and the glittering waves ripple against the shore, and the parade comes marching by with drum and trumpet, filling with delight the hearts of the masses? Or is it, perhaps on midsummer eve—when darkness steals away—when every shop door is decorated with birch boughs, every ship, from the stately Norrland steamer to the smallest skiff, is decked with flowers and garlands; when even the tired cart driver adorns his horse and his mean vehicle with the fragrant birch leaves; when the heights, the still waters, the noble palace, all are suffused with the indescribably soft rosy light of the incomparable night of the Northland. Which opinion the stranger may incline toward, to the native of this beautiful city all the seasons are enjoyable, and wherever he may be his thoughts turn lovingly to the fair city of his birth.

Ingenious Coal Oil Smugglers.

"Customs officers at one town recently discovered an ingenious method of smuggling coal oil over from Detroit," said H. A. Pelter, of Windsor, Canada, at the Leland. "There is a stiff duty on kerosene imposed by Canada, you know, and the smugglers take delight in evading our traffic laws. The latest scheme to do this was devised by some Detroit boatmen. At Detroit they would buy a couple of barrels of kerosene at about seven cents a gallon, and haul them down to the river bank just above Belle Isle. The barrels would be fastened together with ropes, and to one of them would be attached a long piece of string to the other end of which was tied a harmless looking chip or piece of stick. Then the barrels would be pushed into the river and made fast to a rowboat with which the smugglers would start across to the Canadian shore, towing the barrels of oil which being but little heavier than water were easily pulled along just beneath the surface.

"Should a revenue boat heave in sight the lashings of the barrels to the boat were quickly unshipped. The barrels sank slowly to the bottom, and when the customs officers overhauled the boat nothing incriminatory could be found. When the coast, or rather the river, was clear the boatmen would return and locate the sunken oil by the bit of wood floating on the surface which they had tied to the barrels before starting. With a grappling hook the barrels were soon recovered and the oil landed in Canada despite her majesty's customs."—[Chicago Herald.

A Neglected Frontier Industry.

The recent robbing of the stage coach between Bonner Ferry and Kootgal Station, in Montana, calls attention to a decaying industry, the revival of which might well engage the energies of our statesmen. Time was when the holding up of stage coaches was one of the most lucrative branches of business open to the younger men of the country, and it is not going too far to say that it was the foundation of some of the proudest fortunes of the West. In the days of Black Bart, Calaveras Jim and the Santa Clara Kid it was nothing for young men in this line of business to retire rich at the end of six or seven years of earnest endeavor. To be sure, one risked something, but no fortune was ever wrung from fate without venture of some sort. From 1857 to 1868 was the golden era of the road agent, and there are men now living who will freely confess that it was a positive pleasure to hold up one's hands to such perfection had the art been brought. The introduction of the railroads, always fatal to art if we believe Mr. Ruskin, has changed all this, and the gentlemen engaged in the robbing of stage coaches have been either driven from the field or forced to turn their attention to the vulgar holding up of the beggarly express trains. This is true to such an extent that Mr. Bret Harte has been forced to leave the country for lack of material, and is now situated in London, and at last accounts was wearing white shirts. Such incidents as the one in Missoula County only serve to sadly accentuate the decline of the road agent. —[Omaha World-Herald.

Queerest Animal in the World.

Of all the creatures that God has made "under the sun," as Ecclesiastes would say, the most remarkable, as well as the most useless, is the tuatarra, a species of lizard known to exist only in New Zealand. The tuatarra grows to be from nine inches to a foot in length, and may be said to accept life's hardships with more indifference than any other known representative of the animal creation. He is the very embodiment of negative existence, and does not seem to care in the least whether the sun sets at nine o'clock in the morning or stays up till midnight. He is almost invariably found clinging motionless to a rock on the seacoast, wholly oblivious or indifferent to the drenching spray or the blinding sunlight. He has no "thought for the morrow," and to all intents and purposes needs neither food nor drink to keep the colors in his coat and fire in his eye. He has been kept for days, months and years in a sealed glass case, his lethargy but slightly aggravated through lack of air. A recent writer on antipodean oddities says: "He makes no noise and moves so seldom and so slowly that many persons have watched those confined in cases for a long time, and then left them, under the impression that the creatures were only stuffed specimens after all. Yet the solemn blinking of the golden eyes and the slow, heaving motion of the leathery sides bore sight witness of a sluggish vitality.—[St. Louis Republic.

Girdle belts of seal leather and kid are studded with steel.

Old Aunt Peggy.

When the war was over, old Aunt Peggy went to Monsieur, and said:

"Massa, I ain't never gwine to quit yer. I'm gittin' ole an' feeble, an' my days is few in dis heah lan' o' sorrow an' sin. All I axes is a li'le co'ner whar I kin set down an' wait peaceful fu de en'."

Monsieur and Madame were very much touched at this mark of affection and fidelity from Aunt Peggy. So, in the general reconstruction of the plantation which immediately followed the surrender, a nice cabin, pleasantly appointed was set apart for the old woman. Madame did not even forget the very comfortable rocking chair in which Aunt Peggy might "set down," as she herself touchingly expressed it, "an' wait fu de en'."

She has been rocking ever since.

At intervals of about two years Aunt Peggy hobbles up to the house, and delivers the stereotyped address which has become more than familiar:

"Mistress, I's come to take a las' look at you all. Le' me look at you good. Le' me look at de chillun—de big chillun an' de li'le chillun. Le' me look at de picters and the photygraphts an' de piany an' eve'ything 'fo' it's too late. One eye is done gone, an' de udder's a-gwine fas'. Any mo'nin yo' po' ole Aunt Peggy gwine wake up an' fin' herse'f stonebline.!"

After such a visit Aunt Peggy invariably returns to her cabin with a generously filled apron.

The scruple which Monsieur one time felt in supporting a woman for so many years in idleness has entirely disappeared. Of late his attitude towards Aunt Peggy is simply one of profound astonishment—wonder at the surprising age that an old black woman may attain when she sets her mind to it, for Aunt Peggy is a hundred and twenty-five, so she says.

It may not be true, however. Possibly she is older.—[Harper's Young People.

The Lives of Birds.

According to a foreign scientific journal, the swan is the longest lived bird, in extreme cases reaching 300 years. The falcon has been known to live 162 years. An eagle died in 1819 which had been caught 104 years before and was then quite old. A white-headed vulture, which was caught in 1706, died in the aviary at Schonbrun, near Vienna, in 1824. Parrots live more than a century. Water birds have a long life, exceeding that of several generations of men. Ravens live over 100 years. In captivity magpies live from twenty to twenty-five years, and still longer in freedom. The common hen attains the age of from fifteen to twenty years. Doves live ten years, and the little singing birds from eight to seventeen years. The nightingale's life is the shortest, ten years being the longest, and next comes the blackbird, which never lives longer than fifteen years.

Styles in Wooden Legs.

The demand for willow wood for artificial legs has grown immensely in recent years. The funny men on the stage talk glibly of cork legs, but light, willow limbs are more popular. English makers claim that the best willow in the world is to be found along the banks of the small streams in their southern counties, and there seems some ground for their contention, although an immense quantity of good willow wood is cut every year in this country. Statisticians say that over one million English-speaking men wear or walk on wooden legs, and this accounts for the enormous trade in limbs of this kind. The old-fashioned stump with an iron tip on it is seldom seen now. It was a great success in its day, and with reasonable care and luck lasted close on a lifetime; but it was too awkward and conspicuous, not to say noisy, to be popular. The modern wooden leg is more costly, but it is much more comfortable, and many a man who is compelled to walked by the aid of one can give pointers in grace and deportment to others more blessed by fortune.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Papier Mache Articles.

In a New York shop an old time axe was displayed a short time ago, apparently suspended by a slender wire tied about the axe handle about seven-eighths from its end; no other support was visible, and how in the world that thing hung there with seven-eighths of its length on one side of the suspension cord and only one-eighth on the other was the question that puzzled the observer. As a matter of fact the axe was papier mache for seven-eighths of its length and the other eighth was loaded with lead. See? It is becoming a business of one firm in this country to make these papier mache articles and we can now get for our homes for corner decoration, for cabinets, for side walls or over doorways all sorts of armor made of paper, but in absolute fac-simile of the genuine article. Here too, is a war club of the 5th century copied from the original in the museum of Rome; here is the dagger of Brutus, a six-bladed axe, a helmet of the 16th century, the key of the Bastile, and a Turkish sabre; and the marks of age, even to the verdigris and rust are produced with startling realism.—[The Upholsterer.

Fox Against Bull.

Farmer Otis T. Burbank of Lenox township, Susquehanna county, Penn., saw a winded fox trotting toward the barn while he was feeding his cattle the other noon. In a moment the fox crept under the barnyard fence, panted as though he had been racing for several hours, and lay down on a mass of straw close to the barn. Mr. Burbank's ugly Durham bull was nosing in the straw, and he began to paw and bellow the moment he caught a glimpse of the tired fox. Reynard paid no attention to the noisy bull at first, but as the bull came closer, bellowed louder, and pawed up the straw until it flew all over him, the fox began to watch him. Suddenly the bull lowered his horns and dived at the fox, and the fox sprang up and snapped viciously at the bull's nose. He didn't catch it, and the bull immediately made another dash at the fox. This time the fox settled his teeth in the bull's snout with the ferocity of a panther. Instantly the bull threw his head up with terribly force, and the fox lost his hold on the bull's nose and landed on the roof of the barn, twenty-three feet from the ground.

Then the angry bull looked all around for the fox, bellowing, snorting and pawing, as before, and the fox climbed to the peak of the barn and sat there for a minute or so. The eaves on the opposite side of the barn were only a few feet from the ground and the fox jumped down ran around to the yard and lay down on the straw again. Once more the bull dashed at him, and the fox bit his nose till the blood came. The pain made the bull more furious, and he rushed at the fox for the fourth time. Reynard snapped at his snout again, but he failed to reach it, and the mad bull forced him against the barn and drove his horns clear through the plucky fox's body. Then the bull ran around the yard with the fox on his horns, and Mr. Burbank clubbed the bull into the stable, where he pulled the fox loose. The fox was still kicking, but he soon died, and the bull had a sore nose for more than a week.—[New York Sun.

Fun That Didn't Pan Out.

"The other day a real smart young man came aboard," said Capt. Leale of the El Capitan, "and he came up to chat with myself and two young ladies before the boat started. Next to the ladies sat a Chinaman. The smart young man began to nod toward the blue-bloused heathen and make all sorts of grimaces. He kept up his pantomime for some time, showing off before those girls in the endeavor to establish a reputation for dare-devil fun. The Chinaman eyed him with that stolidity which the race has accumulated through generations of starvation. Finally my o'er-bright friend tired of his monkey shines and said:

"'Just watch me have some fun with that Chinaman.'

"'Oh, no; you'll not have any fun with me,' answered the brown man in English.

"All the smartness left that bright youth. He was the cheapest boy on the human market. It was the first time I had ever seen him done up. He reddened, became all hands and feet, and silently stole away, stepping on himself as he went.

"'I think I had more fun with him than he had with me,' remarked the Chinaman. 'Rather a tiresome young man, don't you think?'"—[San Francisco Examiner.

Directors' Fees.

The fees that directors of business corporations receive range from $5 to $15 for attendance at each meeting. It is a fact not generally known that there are some men in this town who enjoy very handsome incomes from this source alone. Of course, they are men of wealth and high business standing, whose reputation for financial skill and probity makes them eagerly sought for as directors. Cornelius Vanderbilt, John D. Rockefeller or J. Pierpont Morgan, for instance, would be welcomed in the directory of any business corporation. Samuel D. Babcock, ex-President of the Chamber of Commerce, has the reputation of being a director in more concerns than any other man in New York. Russell Sage is not far behind him. Mr. Jay Gould might also be a multifarious director, but of late years he has given the greater part of his time and attention to corporations which he practically controls.

The president of one of the largest banks in this city said the other day that, although he was a director in comparatively few corporations, his fees amounted to $2,000 last year. "I know one man," said he, "whose income from directors' fees alone ranges from $8,000 to $10,000 a year."

Nearly all of the great financial concerns pay their directors $10 each for every meeting they attend. The money is usually paid in gold, and is handed to the director as soon as he enters the board room. In some cases the custom prevails of making a pool at each meeting, which is divided among the directors in attendance. Where there are fifteen members of a board of directors $150 in $10 gold pieces or crisp new notes is placed on a plate in the centre of the directors' table, and the members who are present when the meeting is called to order at once divide up the amount. If there are but five members they each take $30 from the plate. This method stimulates promptness in attending the meetings.—[New York Times.

A Lucky Whip.

Charles Marvin, the famous driver who broke all world's trotting records on the Stockton track, attributes some of his good luck to an old whip which he borrowed from Willis Parker and used in all his great races against time. Marvin had good whips in his stable outfit, but he found one in Parker's stable that suited him exactly, and he used it in driving Sunol in 2:08¼. That event made the old whip lucky and Marvin called for it every time he drove against the world's records. He had it when he gave Arion his wonderful mile of 2:10¼, and also when Palo Alto made his mark of 2:08¼.

When the great driver left Stockton he begged Parker to let him carry with him the lucky whip, but the Stockton horseman promised to send it to him before the opening of another trotting season. Parker now has the whip ready to send East, and he will express it to Marvin at Franklin, Penn. There is a warm friendship existing between Parker and Marvin, and the owner of the whip decided to have a proper inscription on it before he sends it from Stockton. He had the handle covered with solid gold for a distance of seven inches from the butt, and the engraving on it gives the names of Sunol, Arion and Palo Alto, with their records and the dates of the world-beating performances.

Marvin will highly prize the whip, and it will please him to receive another token of esteem from his old Stockton friend, Parker.—[Stockton (Cal.) Independent.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Prudent Society Mother—Nothing Will be Lost—One View of It—Advantage of the Seasons—A Good Plan—Etc., Etc.

A PRUDENT MOTHER.

Daughter—Ma, Mr. Blank proposed to me last night.

Mother—Did you accept him, daughter?

"Yes, mamma."

"Has he any money, daughter?"

"Only $1,800 a year."

"Well, daughter, handle him carefully till summer. Possibly you can pick up something better during the spring."—[Texas Siftings.

NOTHING WILL BE LOST.

Young Man (whose mother severely objects to the girl of his choice)—Mother, you say how much I will lose by marrying a girl so far below me in social standing as Clara; but then just think of how much she will gain, and it will all be in the family.—[Bazaar.

ONE VIEW OF IT.

"I don't think it's exactly fair for my teacher to keep me in because she can't read my writing," said Willie. "It isn't my fault if she doesn't know how to read."

ADVANTAGE OF THE SEASONS.

Mr. Flame (rejected)—And am I to consider your "no" positive and irrevocable?

Miss Icicle—Well, I don't know. Try me next summer and see.

A GOOD PLAN.

Closefist—You don't catch me giving an architect a thousand dollars to plan a house. I'll dig the cellar, draw on some timbers, then go down there with my shorthand clerk, and it won't cost me a blamed cent.

Hanks—What can the clerk do?

Closefist—Take down the advice given me by my neighbors.—[Truth.

A SCRAPER.

Wool—I never saw a man who could scrape an acquaintance like Brush.

Van Polt—What is his business?

Wool—He is a barber.

HINT TO COLLECTORS.

"If I pay this bill," said Fweddy, languidly, "you will quit coming, I suppose?"

"Course I will," replied the tailor's errand boy.

"And if I don't pay it you'll keep on coming, I pwesume?"

"You kin jest bet I will."

"Then I will pay it," said Fweddy, hastily counting out the money and reaching for his smelling bottle. "You always smoke a beastly five-cent cigar."—[Chicago Tribune.

ENVY.

"I paint," she said; and then I heard
Her fellow artist speak;
"Oh, yes," came answer, "I can see
The roses in your cheek."
—[Yankee Blade.

THE BULL BY THE HORNS.

She (at three a. m., trembling)—Oh, George, I'm afraid papa is going to come down!

He (eagerly)—Darling, hurry and meet him, and have him do something handsome while he is about it.—[New York Herald.

FEMININE AMENITIES.

Mrs. Gusher—Really, Mrs. Floyd Robinson, what lovely jewelry you have!

Mrs. Floyd Robinson—Yes, my husband always gives me some little token on my birthday.

Mrs. Gusher—And you have so much of it too.

A GOOD REASON.

"Did you hear of that case on Manhattan avenue?" said Mr. Uptown to Mr. Murray Hill, as they met on a Third avenue elevated train.

"No; what about it?" inquired Murray Hill.

"Why," said Uptown, "a man lay there in the house nine days before the family would bury him. Had the funeral yesterday."

"By gracious!" said Hill, "that's an outrage! Why didn't they bury him before—superstition?"

"No; not exactly that," and Uptown, drawing Hill's ear down and towards his mouth, said: "That wasn't it. He was not dead."—[Texas Siftings.

FIXING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

"I'm no fool."

"The man who told you that was one."

A BLUE LOOKOUT FOR HIM.

"Jones has got into the social swim at last, I see."

"Then he is a goner."

"Why so?"

"Because he told me the other day that he never had been able to keep his head above water since he got married."—[New York Press.

HE'D FORGOTTEN THAT.

"This coat is too tight across the chest."

"Well, it won't be long. You are a cigarette smoker, you know."

TO HIM THAT WAITS.

"All things come to him who waits,"
'Tis true as sages say;
I'm waiting for a million, and
There came a dun to-day.
—[New York World.

A SALE SECURED.

Friend—What is your idea in calling your new book "A Secret?"

Author—I expect the women to buy it and give it away.

TO MAKE A WOMAN.

Mrs. Smythe—I never could understand why it takes ten tailors to make a man.

Smythe (unwarily)—Why?

Mrs. Smythe—Because I should feel made with just one dressmaker.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

Mrs. Luviduv—Why are you so changed, Charles? Before we were married you used to talk to me by the hour; now you scarcely ever have a word to say to me.

Mr. Luviduv—Speech, my dear, was given to man to conceal his thoughts. Being my wife, you know, I have nothing to conceal from you.—[The Jester.

A MATTER OF DOUBT.

"I don't think I shall call on Miss Nippings again," he said reflectively.

"Why?"

"She made use of the expression, 'the late unpleasantness' last night."

"What of that?"

"She said it in a way that left me in doubt as to whether she meant me or the war."—[Washington Star.

IN A NEW YORK HOTEL.

First Drummer—That hotel clerk in there shows a disposition to run over everybody who comes in his way.

Second Drummer—I can account for that.

"How?"

"You see, he wears a diamond breastpin that has so frequently been mistaken for a head-light of a locomotive that he really thinks he is one. That's why he runs over people."—[Texas Siftings.

SETS 'EM UP.

Bora—In drinking with your friends you must be very liberal, Jake.

Jake—Why so?

Cora (yawning)—You do so much "setting up."

SECOND THOUGHT.

She (after he has stolen a kiss)—I am surprised, sir. I never thought that of you. I never thought you would dare. (Silence.) I didn't think you had that much spunk.—[New York Herald.

EDISON'S LATEST.

The people of this brilliant age
Will, doubtless, soon expect
To hear the "wizard's" talking clock
Converse in dial-ect.
—[Chicago Journal.

SOCIETY INCIDENT IN ARIZONA.

Miss Lariat—Mr. Dyle, let me introduce my brother, Mr. Lariat.

Mr. Dyle (proprietor of leading faro banking institution)—I am glad to see you, sir.

Mr. Lariat—I think I have met you before, Mr. Dyle.

Mr. Dyle (magnanimously pulling out a handful of coin)——Er—how much?—[Chicago Tribune.

SO DIFFERENT.

Mr. Billus—Maria, I think you lavish altogether too much time and attention on that poodle.

Mrs. Billus—Poor little fellow! I feel so sorry for him, John! You know he hasn't any club where he can go and spend three or four hours every evening.—[Chicago Tribune.

THE STUMPERS.

"Why do you think all politicians would make good dentists?"

"They are experts when it comes to taking the stump."

AN OCEAN JOKE.

Jake—You are the shore, darling; I am the ship that hugs you.

Old Bellows—(entering)—Yes, I am the breaker.

And Jake passed into the darkness with an inclination to stand up.

How They Do in Florence.

A harrowing tale comes across the sea anent a young American girl who was studying music in Florence.

She had few friends in the city, and lived by herself. She became ill, and apparently from a desire not to worry any one else, she struggled against her increasing weakness, and let no one know of her condition.

She had been helpless and in considerable need of careful nursing for some days, when one evening after night had fallen, four black-robed figures, with hidden faces and only holes cut through the sombre cloth for their eyes, appeared in her room. Almost fainting from terror, she made a frantic appeal for mercy, but it only met with a low murmured response, which did not reassure her. Finally the stretcher which they brought was placed at her bedside, she was slipped on to it, a cloth was thrown over her and she felt herself borne through the streets.

But not to a terrible dungeon, as her fevered imagination supposed. When she regained consciousness it was to find herself in a hospital ward, where she received devoted care and attention. Later on she learned that her case had come under the notice of the famous Order of the Misericorde, and its efficient, though mysteriously alarming, ministration was the result.

All ranks and conditions of Florentine society hold membership in this order; and the shrouding robes are worn so that service without ostentation may be rendered. It has existed for hundreds of years.—[New York World.

A Bootblack's Odd Sign.

The United States once claimed the "Learned Blacksmith," but it has remained for Liverpool, England, to come forward in these latter days with a "Learned Shoeblack," who displays the following as a sign as well as a proof of his erudition:

"Pedal teguments artistically illuminated in ebon hues and lubricated in a workmanlike manner for the infinitesimal remuneration of two pence. Antiquated teguments (pedal or superpedal) expurgated judiciously and resuscitated with exceeding expedition for a nominal compensation. Of the innumerable foretastes of heaven and of paradise, which every patron is permitted to partake, I would simply and briefly remark that from the eventuation of the operation to its ultimate successful completion, the patron reclines superincumbent on cushions which a sybarite might envy. In this superlatively luxurious attitude my customers will find that the horizontal and the perpendicular are gracefully blended."—[St. Louis Republic.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Religion's Refuge."

TEXT: *"A goodly cedar, and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing."*—Ezekiel xvii., 23.

The cedar of Lebanon is a royal tree. It stands six thousand feeet above the level of the sea. A missionary counted the concentric circles and found one tree thirty-five hundred years old—long rooted, broad branches, all the year in luxuriant foliage. The same branches that bent in the hurricane that David saw sweeping over Lebanon, rock to-day over the head of the American traveler. This monarch of the forest, with its leafy fingers, plucks the honors of a thousand years and sprinkles them upon its own uplifted brow, as though some great hallelujah of heaven had been planted upon Lebanon and it were rising up with all its long armed strength to take hold of the hills whence it came.

Oh, what a fine place for birds to nest in! In hot days they come thither—the eagle, the dove, the swallow, the sparrow and the raven. There is to many of us a complete fascination in the structure and habits of birds. They seem not more of earth than heaven—ever vacillating between the two. No wonder that Audubon, with his gun, tramped through all of the American forests in search of new specimens. Geologists have spent years in finding the track of a bird's claw in the new red sandstone. There is enough of God's architecture in a snipe's bill or a grouse's foot to confound all the universities. Musicians have, with clefs and bars tried to catch the sound of the nightingale and robin. Among the first things that a child notices is a swallow at the eaves, and grandfather goes out with a handful of crumbs to feed the snow birds.

The Bible is full of ornithological allusions. The birds of the Bible are not dead and stuffed, like those of the museum, but living birds, with fluttering wings and plumage. "Behold the fowls of the air," says Christ. "Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down," exclaims Obadiah. "Gavest Thou the goodly wings unto the peacock?" says Job. David describes his desolation by saying, "I am like a pelican of the wilderness; I am like an owl of the desert; I watch and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop." "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord"—so says Jeremiah.

Ezekiel in my text intimates that Christ is the cedar, and the people from all quarters are the birds that lodge among the branches. "It shall be a goodly cedar, and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing." As in Ezekiel's time, so now—Christ is a goodly cedar, and to Him are flying all kinds of people—young and old, rich and poor, men high soaring as the eagle, those fierce as the raven, and those gentle as the dove. "All fowl of every wing."

First, the young may come. Of the eighteen hundred and ninety-two years that have passed since Christ came, about sixteen hundred have been wasted by the good in misdirected efforts. Until Robert Raikes came there was no organized effort for saving the young. We spend all our strength trying to bend old trees, when a little pressure would have been sufficient for the sapling. We let men go down to the very bottom of sin before we try to lift them up. It is a great deal easier to keep a train on the track than to get it on when it is off. The experienced reinsman checks the fiery steed at the first jump, for when he gets in full swing, the swift hoofs clicking fire from the pavement and the bit between his teeth, his momentum is irresistible.

It is said that the young must be allowed to sow their "wild oats." I have noticed that those who sow their wild oats seldom try to raise any other kind of crop. There are two opposite destinies. If you are going to heaven, you had better take the straight road, and not try to go to Boston by way of New Orleans. What is to be the history of this multitude of young people around me to-day? I will take you by the hand and show you a glorious sunrise. I will not whine about this thing, nor groan about it, but come, young men and maidens, Jesus wants you. His hand is love, His voice is music, His smile is heaven. Religion will put no handcuffs on your wrist, no hoppies on your feet, no brand on your forehead.

I went through the heaviest snowstorm I have ever known to see a dying girl. Her cheek on the pillow was white as the snow on the casement. Her large, round eye had not lost any of its luster. Loved ones stood all around the bed trying to hold her back. Her mother could not give her up, and one nearer to her than either father or mother was frantic with grief. I said: "Fanny, how do you feel?" "Oh!" she said, "happy, happy! Mr. Talmage, tell all the young folks that religion will make them happy."

As I came out of the room, louder than all the sobs and wailings of grief, I heard the clear, sweet, glad voice of the dying girl, "Good night; we shall meet again on the other side of the river." The next Sabbath we buried her. We brought white flowers and laid them on the coffin. There was in all that crowded church but one really happy and delighted face, and that was the face of Fanny. Oh, I wish that now my Lord Jesus would go through this audience and take all these flowers of youth and garland them on His brow. The cedar is a fit refuge for birds of brightest plumage and swiftest wing. See, they fly! they fly! "All fowl of every wing."

Again, I remark that the old may come. You say, "Suppose a man has to go on crutches; suppose he is blind; suppose he is deaf; suppose that nine-tenths of his life has been wasted." Then I answer: Come with crutches. Come, old men, blind and deaf, come to Jesus. If you would sweep your hand around before your blind eyes, the first thing you would touch would be the cross. It is hard for an aged man or woman to have grown old without religion. There taste is gone. The peach and the grape have lost their flavor. They say that somehow fruit does not taste as it used to. Their hearing gets defective, and they miss a great deal that is said in their presence.

Their friends have all gone and everybody seems so strange. The world seems to go away from them and they are left all alone. They begin to feel in the way when you come into the room where they are, and they move their chair nervously and say, "I hope I am not in the way." Alas! that rather an old mother should ever be in the way. When you were sick and they sat up all night rocking you, singing to you, administering to you, did they think that you were in the way? Are you tired of the old people? Do you snap them up quick and sharp? You will be cursed to the bone for your ingratitude and unkindness!

Oh, how many dear old folks Jesus has put to sleep! How sweetly He has closed their eyes! How gently folded their arms! How He has put His hand on their silent hearts and said: "Rest now, tired pilgrim. It is all over. The tears will never start again. Hush! hush!" So He gives His beloved sleep. I think the most beautiful object on earth is an old Christian—the hair white, not with the frosts of winter, but the blossoms of the tree of life. I never feel sorry for a Christian old man. Why feel sorry for those upon whom the glories of the eternal world are about to burst? They are going to the goodly cedar. Though their wings are heavy with age, God shall renew their strength like the eagle, and they shall make their nest in the cedar. "All fowl of every wing."

Again, the very bad, the outrageously sinful, may come. Men talk of the grace of God as though it were so many yards long and so many yards deep. People point to the dying thief as an encouragement to the sinner. How much better it would be to point to our own cases and say, "If God saved us He can save anybody." There may be those here who never had one earnest word said to them about their souls. Consider me as putting my hand on your shoulder and looking in your eye. God has been good to you. You ask, "How do you know that? He has been very hard on me." "Where did you come from?" "Home." "Then you have a home. Have you ever thanked God for your home? Have you children?" "Yes." "Have you ever thanked God for your children? Who keeps them safe? Were you ever sick?" "Yes." "Who made you well? Have you been feed every day? Who feeds you? Put your hand on your pulse. Who makes it throb? Listen to the respiration of your lungs. Who helps you to breathe? Have you a Bible in the house, spreading before you the future life? Who gave you that Bible?"

Oh, it has been a story of goodness and mercy all the way through. You have been one of God's pet children. Who fondled you and caressed you and loved you? And when you went astray and wanted to come back, did He ever refuse? I know of a father who, after his son came back the fourth time, said, "No; I forgave you three times, but I will never forgive you again." And the son went off and died. But God takes back His children the thousandth time as cheerfully as the first. As easily as with my handkerchief I strike the dust off a book, God will wipe out all your sins.

Again, all the dying will find their nest in this goodly cedar. It is cruel to destroy a bird's nest, but death does not hesitate to destroy one. There was a beautiful nest in the next street. Lovingly the parents brooded over it. There were two or three little robins in the nest. The scarlet fever thrust its hands into the nest, and the birds are gone. Only those are safe who have their nests in the goodly cedar. They have over them "the feathers of the Almighty." Oh, to have those soft, warm, eternal wings stretched over us! Let the storms beat and the branches of the cedar toss on the wind—no danger. When a storm comes, you can see the birds flying to the woods. Ere the storm of death comes down, let us fly to the goodly cedar.

Of what great varieties heaven will be made up. There come men who once were hard and cruel and desperate in wickedness, yet now, soft and changed by grace, they come into glory, "All fowl of every wing." And here they come, the children who were reared in loving home circles flocking through the gates of life, "All fowl of every wing." These are white and came from northern homes; these were black and ascended from southern plantations; these were copper colored and went up from Indian reservations—"All fowl of every wing." So God gathers them up. It is astonishing how easy it is for a good soul to enter heaven.

A prominent business man in Philadelphia went home one afternoon, lay down on the lounge and said: "It is time for me to go." He was very aged. His daughter said to him, "Are you sick?" He said: "No; but it is time for me to go. Have John put it in two of the morning papers, that my friends may know that I am gone. Good-by;" and as quick as that God had taken him.

It is easy to go when the time comes. There are no ropes thrown out to pull us ashore; there are no ladders let down to pull us up. Christ comes and takes us by the hand and says, "You have had enough of this; come up higher." Do you hurt a lily when you pluck it? Is there any rudeness when Jesus touches the cheek, and the red rose of health whitens into the lily of immoral purity and gladness?

When autumn comes and the giant of the woods smites his anvil and the leafy sparks fly on the autumnal gale, then there will be thousands of birds gathering in the tree at the corner of the field, just before departing to warmer climes, and they will call and sing until the branches drop with the melody. There is a better clime for us, and by and by we shall migrate. We gather in the branches of the goodly cedar, in preparation for departure. You heard our voices in the opening song; you will hear them in the closing song—voices good, voices bad, voices happy, distressful—"All fowl of every wing." By and by we shall be gone.

If all this audience is saved, as I hope they will be, I see them entering into life. Some have had it hard; some have had it easy. Some were brilliant; some were dull. Some were rocked by pious parentage; others have had their infantile cheeks scalded with the tears of woe. Some crawled, as it were, into the kingdom on their hands and knees, and some seemed to enter in chariots of flaming fire. Those fell from a ship's mast; these were crushed in a mining disaster. They are God's singing birds now. No gun of huntsman shall shoot them down. They gather on the trees of life and fold their wings on the branches and for ever more from frosts and winds and night they sing until the hills are flooded with joy, and the skies drop music, and the arches of pearl send back the echoes—"All fowl of every wing."

Behold the saints, beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesus's blood.
Brighter than angels, lo! they shine,
Their glories splendid and sublime.

Through tribulation great they came:
They bore the cross and scorned the shame;
Now, in the heavenly temple blest,
With God they dwell; on Him they rest.

While everlasting ages roll
Eternal love shall feast their soul,
And scenes of bliss, forever new
Rise in succession to their view.

China's Universal Pig.

In China $5 a month is a fair support for a family. That is about what the average workman earns. However, this income is added to in certain small ways. First is the universal pig, which is the popular domestic animal. He, or rather she, sleeps in the vestibule and, when the house is too small to possess this luxery, in this living room. The pig recognizes her name and displays in her intelligence the interested results of centuries of training. She litters twice a year. Of her offspring, the males are fattened and sent to the market and the females are sold or kept for breeding purposes. The pig is fed at every meal of the family; the rest of the day it forages for itself in the streets, fields, drains and on the beach. At low tide hundreds are often seen devouring seaweed, dead fish and the flotsam and jetsam of the sea. The wife and children gather driftwood, edible sea moss, sea fungus and seaweed, small shellfish the size of a pea or bean, mushrooms and tree mushrooms, aromatic leaves for flavoring purposes, dead branches, dry leaves, dead grass and grass roots, cow dung and animal droppings. What they do not care to use they sell for a few copper cash or barter with neighbors and tradesmen for rice and vegetables. In this manner a woman and several children will provide all the food for a family and leave a small surplus for a rainy day. Children four years of age will hunt up the pig when he is lost, lead the water buffalo or tend a herd of sheep with almost the same success as a grown man. They work in the garden, bring water from the wells, destroy locusts, caterpillars and slugs, pull out the weeds, and in every way show themselves excellent horticulturists in minature.—[Washington Star.

THE Italians, finding Argentine does not welcome immigrants from their country and the United States manifesting a disposition to close its doors to them, are now spying out the ground in Australia with a view of flooding that continent with Italy's surplus population. Recent discussions in the Australian press do not encourage the idea.

WHERE PIE IS KING.

FACTS AND FIGURES OF A GREAT NEW YORK INDUSTRY.

Hundreds of Tons of Fruit and Groceries Daily Turned into Palate Tickling Pies.—The Business.

New Yorkers like pie. So fond are they of it that 150,000 pies disappear down over half a million throats every day in the year.

In New York alone there are twelve companies devoted entirely to the manufacture of this commodity, and so great is their output that in one year New Yorkers eat 5,000 miles of pie, and in five years consume enough to make a belt around the earth, if the pies were laid side by side in a straight line. If a year's pies were piled one on top of the other they would make a tower 1,500 miles high, beside which the Eiffel tower would pale into insignificance. This tower at wholesale would be worth over $4,000,000, and its weight would be about 74,934,239 pounds, enough to inflict dyspepsia on the combined armies of the earth at a single sitting.

In one of the great establishments which I visited it was surprising to note the really automatic precision with which every branch of the business was conducted. The entire building is divided into separate departments. In one the manufacture of mince meat is carried on, in another the fruit is prepared, while in a third is made the immense quantity of dough used. Miss Caffrey, who pares the apples for this establishment, is a wonder. With an ordinary paring machine she peels nearly 7,000 apples, or twenty-seven barrels daily, and with movements so rapid, that it requires an exceedingly quick eye to follow them.

The various fruits are prepared by young women by boiling, sweetening and flavoring to taste, and this taste is as near that of the average public as it is possible for them to guess. This is the most important labor performed, and those young women are paid good wages for accurate tastes.

The several component parts of the pie prepared, their amalgamation takes place as follows:

In the room where the pies are made are several long tables, at which stand a row of men dressed in garments of spotless white. The dough is brought to them in large buckets. One man at the further end deftly cuts the crusts. The next lightly snatches up a tin pie pan and lays therein the under crust, which is invariably rolled heavier than the top crust. He passes it along to a man who dips from a row of oaken tubs, filled with the prepared fruits, the necessary filling, and then it goes on to a fourth, who neatly covers it with a top crust. A tray is soon filled with pies and down it goes into a subterranean passage, where the ovens are. There in the gloomy vault men with the skill of jugglers insert and withdraw from the hot recesses 400 pies every fifteen minutes.

The trays are hoisted to the ground floor, where they are divided among wagons from which they are distributed to the marts where the pie eaters throng.

These wagons are veritable perambulating pantries, especially constructed with innumerable shelves, giving to each pie its own place. The contents of the uniform coverings of the hidden sweets are revealed by a private mark made by the "top crust man," which is baked in. Pie is made in three sizes, 5, 7½ and 9 inches in diameter, selling to restaurants at 4½, 7½, and 15 cents respectively, to be in turn retailed at 5, 10 and 20 cents apiece.

The quantity of material used for this work is enormous. Each day there are consumed 40 barrels of flour, 1,200 quarts of milk, more eggs than 8,000 hens could lay in a day, 3,000 pounds of lard, 100 dozen pineapples, 4,000 pounds of sugar, 40 barrels of apples, 100 bushels of berries in their season, together with large quantities of raisins and flavoring extracts. In the use of the latter lies the secret of the business.

There are many other minor departments. In one seven women are employed in washing tin plates. There are $5,000 worth of these lost every year. The tins are not wiped but dried on wire racks by hot air. In yet another is the carpenter shop, where three men are engaged in making sideboards, pie racks and the like, which are given to large customers, and may be considered as the advertising end of the business. In the stables are sixty-five wagons and as many horses, where hostlers, wagon greasers and others each fulfill their duties as a part of the great whole. In all 200 persons are employed. To feed the horses one month takes 1,500 bushels of oats and 200 bales of hay.

All hands get to work at 2 o'clock in the morning, and the drivers leave shortly after 4, and must cover their routes by noon. They collect the money and turn it in on their return, credit being given to large houses only.

Pies have their seasons of triumph and defeat like everything else, but apple is always a standard. In December, January, and February mince pie is monarch. It is a square meal in itself, being full of meat for the hungry, spice for the timid and brandy for the thirsty. On the day before last Christmas this company used ten tons of mince meat for the Christmas trade. In March, April and May the pieites want custard and rhubarb. During June, July and August berry pies are largely in demand. In the ripened fullness of the year the public taste yearns for the luscious yellow pumpkin, and there is also a brief run on peach. All the other varieties are sandwiched in as the caprices of irregular digestion may suggest.—[New York Press.

The Iron Duke's Presence of Mind.

One day, as the Duke of Wellington sat writing at his library-table quite alone, his door was suddenly opened without a knock or announcement of any sort, and in stalked a gaunt man, who stood before the commander-in-chief with his hat on and a savage expression of countenance. The duke was, of course, a little annoyed at such an unceremonious interruption, and, looking up, he asked: "Who are you?" "I am Dionysius," was the singular answer. "Well, what do you want?" "Your life." "My life?" "Yes; I want to kill you." "Very odd," said the duke, sitting back and calmingly gazing at the intruder. "Not at all, for I am Dionysius," said the stranger; "and I must put you to death." "Are you obliged to perform this duty to-day?" asked the commander-in-chief; "I am very busy just now, and have a large number of letters to write. It would be very inconvenient to-day?" The visitor looked hard during a moment's pause. "Call again," continued the duke, "or write and make an appointment." "You'll be ready?" "Without fail," was the reply. The maniac, awed, doubtless, by the stern old soldier, backed out of the room without further words, and half an hour later was safe in Bedlam.—[Argonaut.

Only One Residence on Broadway.

From Bowling Green to Central Park, as Broadway runs, is a distance of nearly four and one-half miles. Yet, in all this distance along the greatest thoroughfare in America, there stands but one building which is distinctively and solely a family residence. I refer to the old Goelet homestead on the northeast corner of Broadway and Nineteenth street.

Several years ago there was a second old-time residence on Broadway, further down, nearly opposite the United States Hotel. It was known as the Colclesse house. But that has at last passed away and the Goelet homestead stands alone in its desolation like the last rose of summer.

Directly opposite, across Broadway, is the massive pile of the Lord & Taylor building, which has taken the place of the old Adam Badeau Market. On the opposite side of Nineteenth street stands the great carpet house of the Sloanes. Adjoining the old residence on the north towers the dead, blank wall of the Goelet business block, speaking in dumb eloquence of the fate which awaits the homestead lot—a fate held in abeyence be a single life now almost run. On the corner of Broadway and Seventeenth street, two blocks below, is another business edifice standing in the place of a residence long since gone, but which was the home during his life time of the bachelor brother of the maiden sister who is the lonely occupant of this solitary residence on Broadway.

People whose business calls them through Nineteenth street daily sometimes catch a passing glimpse of the mistress of the Goelet House as she sits at a second-story window. Sometimes an old colored woman with bent form and gray hair is seen hovering around her aged mistress. But seldom is any one observed passing in or out of the residence or working round about. The life of Miss Goelet, in that solitary house on Broadway, midway between Madison and Union Squares, is as secluded and quiet as though it was spent in the jungles of the far West or the centre of Philadelphia.

Miss Goelet's brother, the father of Mr. Ogden Goelet, lived in this house during the whole of his lifetime. At his death his maiden sister was left undisturbed in the old family home, and it will not be touched until her death. Then it will also disappear to give place to a business edifice worthy of its surroundings. The ground on which the residence stands is worth nearly a million of dollars—certainly three-quarters of a million, at the lowest estimate. In leaving their aunt undisturbed in the only home she has ever known, the Goelet brothers surrender a possible income of forty or fifty thousand dollars a year, and that sum represents the rental of that old house on Broadway.—[New York Advertiser.

A Human Rat Ferret.

"There lives a man in our town" who is responsible for the death of so many rats that the wienerwurst peddlers may well regard him as their patron saint. By day he follows his humble calling as an expressman, and does not give evidence in actions or appearance of his sanguinary disposition. With the approach of night he becomes a different man. While by day he is a Dr. Jekyll to the innumerable colonies of rats, at night he is to them a Mr. Hyde. Night after night, regardless of the weather, he saunters forth with four assistant terriers, each of whom is a battle scarred, midnight hero of back alleys. From 8 o'clock until after 12 he walks up and down the alleys in the business section of the city and gives up his being to joyful contemplation of his rat killers at work. When he sees four black shadows cut swiftly through the darkness and hears the dying squeak he knows that his self-imposed mission has been forwarded somewhat to success. Inasmuch as he has been killing rats in this fashion for several years, it may readily be seen that his record is up in the thousands. He is a tall, powerfully-built man of middle age, and habitually wears a faded black cap, the visor of which he pulls down quite over his blue eyes. He takes as much pride and enjoyment in his work as his four assistants do in the aggregate and vows that he will keep it up until he has killed 100,000 of the rodents.—[Kansas City Times.

Inventor of the Grand Piano.

It is noteworthy that John Isaac Hawkins, an Englishman, the inventor of ever-pointed pencils, and an engineer by profession, began the manufacture of upright pianos in Philadelphia in 1800. He took ont a national patent in that year for his instrument, which he named "portable grand," and which created quite a furore in that city at the time. Thomas Jefferson happened to see one of Hawkin's "portable grands" in 1800, while visiting Philadelphia, which he speaks of in the following letter to his daughter: "A very ingenious, modest and poor young man in Philadelphia has invented one of the prettiest improvements in the piano-forte that I have ever seen, and it has tomped me to engage one for Monticello. His strings are perpendicular, and he contrives within that height to give his strings the same length as in a grand piano-forte, and fixes the three unisons to the same screw. It scarcely gets out of tune at all, and then, for the most part, the three unisons are tuned at once."—[New Orleans Picayune.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

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If you have a Jonah among your friends don't sit down and cry about it; be a whale.

LADIES needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

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MRS. LEROY G. COVILLE.

A lady writes a letter for publication believing it will interest many suffering from Rheumatism.

(From the Chenango Union, Norwich, N. Y.)
McDonough, Chenango Co., N. Y.

Dr. Kilmer, Binghamton, N. Y.

Kind Sir:- I had been troubled for years with that terrible disease Rheumatism and last Spring, a year ago, I was *confined to my bed* and could *scarcely move or stir.* Could not bear to have any one walk across the room or make any noise of any kind. Was also troubled with Female Weakness and was *completely used up.* I had doctored with the best Physicians I could get, but grew worse all the time. Having read of your Remedies I at last made up my mind to try them. I had very little faith for I thought, perhaps, they were no better than lots of others that I had used before without any benefit. But thanks be to God and also to you, I tried them and found it to my benefit. I only took *two bottles* of your *Swamp-Root* and one of Female Remedy and used one bottle of your U. & O. Anointment and was *completely cured.*

It is now over one year since I was troubled and yet I have not felt a single touch or return of the old complaints. I think I was better before I had taken one-half of the first bottle. I now believe and have more faith in you than any other doctor on earth.

If this will be of any benefit to you or others, you can publish it and if need be *I can prove* it by more than *twenty good* and *reliable people* in this vicinity.

God bless you and yours, and with great respect, Mrs. Leroy G. Coville.

[The preceding testimonial was set up in this office from the original letter written by Mrs. Coville. EDITORS OF UNION.]

Five thousand dollars is offered to any one who will prove any portion of this testimony untrue. Hundreds of similar letters are received daily by the proprietors of Swamp Root.

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Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head.
Apply into the Nostrils. ——It is Quickly Absorbed.
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FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. MAR. 17.

A LEPER IN A HOTEL.

He is Employed to Cook for One Hundred and Twenty-Five People.

Leprosy, the most hideous form of disease, accepted with resignation by the fatalist millions of Asia, but viewed with loathing and horror by the inhabitants of Europe and America has obtained such a foothold in Philadelphia that it may, unless vigorous action is immediately taken, taint the blood of the western hemisphere. For months a Japanese in the advanced stage of this dread disease, with putrid sores on his hands and limbs, has been preparing the food for 100 odd guests at the Peabody hotel in that city. With the flesh already decaying on his hands he has mixed the floor for bread and pastry consumed by the patrons of the house, and has bathed his putrefying body in the baths used by the guests.

At a meeting of the board of health Tuesday Major Veal, the health officer of the city, stated that on last Wednesday he received information from the office of the guardians of the poor that a Japanese, calling himself John Wing suffering from a disease supposed to be leprosy, was detained at their office. Medical Inspector Taylor examined the case, reported it to be leprosy, and the man was sent to the municipal hospital. It was learned that the man's name was Charles Wing, and that since last September he had been employed as cook at the Peabody hotel, Ninth street kept by Dr. R. S. Paine.

COOKING FOR 125 GUESTS

Major Veal contined: "Charles Wing has been suffering with leprosy for several years. His hands are and have been full of sores and his feet and legs are in a putrid or decaying condition. I have the evidence of three or four witnesses who have seen him preparing food, cutting and carving and cooking meats, preparing the filling for and stuffing poultry, mixing flour and making dread, cakes and pies, and doing all kinds of cooking for the 125 guests. At times his feet and hands have been so sore that he has been compelled to sit upon the table where he mixed the flour. Dr. Paine treated him with steam baths, and used the same boxes for other persons. He was not paid wages, but received treatment for services as cook.

The board of health referred the matter of closing or quarantining the hotel to the sanitary committee, to act as it deemed best for the health of the public. The members of the board were surprised that the hotel, which is operated to some extent as a sanitarium, had sheltered so many guests.

The health officer was instructed to prosecute Dr. Paine to collect a fine of $50 for not reporting a case of leprosy under his treatment, as required by the act of assembly.

Union County Deaths.

In Buffalo Twp., on the 5th March, A. Jackson Rishel, aged about 63 yrs.

In Buffalo Twp., on the 28th Feb., Martin Dunkle, aged about 68 years.

In Buffalo Twp., on the 7th March, Miss Catherine Baker, aged about 48 years.

In Mifflinburg, on the 2nd March, Mary, relict of Moses W. Miller, dec'd, aged 84 years, 3 months and 29 days.

In Hartley Twp., on the 11th Feb., at the home of his father, Mr. Frank Wirth, Mrs. Leah McCollum, aged 26 years and 18 days.

In Mifflinburg, on the 8th March, Margaret, relict of John Foster, dec'd, aged 81 years 11 months and 28 days.

A Full Equipment.

The REPORTER office received a full and fine equipment of job type of the latest styles and designs, for the execution of all kinds of job work. All old type has been thrown out and their places supplied with new, and we now have a modernly equipped office. Work will be executed with neatness and dispatch. We carry in stock a fine line of wedding invitations, wedding envelopes, cards, letter and note heads, etc., etc., and guarantee our work to be strictly first class,—if in need of anything enumerated give us a call, and we will gladly quote prices.

A good deal too much is being said about the gift by Mr. Jay Gould of $10,000 to Presbyterian Church extension.

Dr. Parkhurst advises that the donation be refused until Jay Gould explains how he makes his money. That's drawing it fine. Let Jay Gould send his donation down here to Centre county, and we will find Presbyterian, or other churches, that will accept it without asking questions.

O for an eye more clear to see,
A mind to grasp more earnestly,
For every good intent,
That to the sick and despairing
I bring thee a peerless cure.

Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption 25 and 50 cents. Sold at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

COBURN.

A Fistic Encounter Between Two Amazons. People Coming and Going. The Finances of the Township in Good Shape.

Jacob Evert moved into Emanuel Kerstetter's house on last Tuesday.

Mr. Haslett has removed his clothing store, to more congenial climes.

Mrs. J. F. Garthoff spent a few days with friends at Poe Mills, this week.

James E. Harter has received his furniture, and will occupy the house purchased by his father of W. H. Kreamer, on Thursday.

Rev. Finkbinder, of the Evangelical church, commenced a series of meetings on Monday evening, to continue all week, and perhaps longer, if it proves a success.

The auditors of Penn township met on Monday to audit the accounts of overseer of poor, and supervisors, respectively. They found the finances of the township in a good condition.

The corpse of the three-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. John Burns, was brought to this place from Fishing Creek, Columbia county, Pa., and interred in the cemetery at Millheim on Tuesday.

Mr. J. I. Forster, who for several years was in the employ of Joseph Kleckner as bartender at the hotel here, spent a few days with friends at this place. He is now located in Philadelphia.

Miss Elsie Geiss, of Centre Hall, who has been teaching the Liberty school, had no school last week, nor this week thus far, on account of sickness. We hope she will soon be able to again resume her work in the school room.

The elite of this place and a number from a distance had a fashionable hop at the residence of W. O. Rearick, on last Thursday evening. The worshippers of Terpsichore tripped the light fantastic toe until the wee sma' hours of the night.

Another fistic encounter took place on Saturday evening. This time it was between two Amazons, one a middle-weight champion, the other a light-weight champion, Marquis of Queensbury rules. Only one round was fought—time being called, the light-weight failing to come up to the "scratch," the heavy-weight was declared the winner.

The Public Schools to Celebrate the Discovery of America.

Perhaps to the genereal public the most interesting suggestion made at the recent meeting of the National Education Association of the Department of Superintendence, was in the form of a resolution introduced by Hon. W. T. Harris, Commissioner of Education. The resolution calls for a celebration of the discovery of America by the public schools of the whole country. The date selected is October 12th, 1892. The resolution has the endorsement of the Department of Superintendence. It asks the teachers and school officers to do all in their power to make the celebration a success, and invites the co-operation of the newspapers. The various State Superintendents of Education will form a general committee on the subject by which an executive committee of five will be appointed to arrange a fitting programme for simultaneous school celebration. The movement is a good one, and Columbus were he living would doubtless feel more honored by the praises of the millions of public school children, than even by the magnificent buildings and stupendous exhibition now being prepared in Chicago. The interest in the celebration would be enhanced by inviting parents to participate in a part of the exercises.

Deserving Praise.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them ever time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits J. D. Murray Druggist.

Charles L. Smith.

Charles L. Smith, a hotel keeper of Middleburg, Pa., weighed 375 pounds before the sickness which ended in his death.

Charley Smith was well known through Centre and Union and many other counties, on account of his ponderous form. He was a wholesale dealer, traveling with a team. He was highly intelligent, very sociable, and a gentleman. In politics he was a Democrat and well booked upon political topics. He had hosts of friends. Peace to his ashes.

Notice.

The Eureka Oil, or as so many who use this oil call it the Burkholder Medicine, is for sale at J. D. Murray's drug store, Centre Hall.

Feb18 4t F. M. BURKHOLDER.

What Am I To Do?

This is the oft expression of the weary sufferer with Rheumatism, Neuralgia and other painful diseases. The whole human frame is tortured and racked with pain, It is well to remember no known medicine equals Red Flag Oil for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises.

Price 25 cents at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

Subscribe for the REPORTER.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by J. D. Murray, Druggist.

—The REPORTER at $1.50 is the cheapest paper in the county. Subscribe and get in the swim.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Warned In Time.

People will have themselves largely to blame if the horrid grip secures a foothold here this winter. The Board of Health sounded a note of warning a few days ago. Physicians all agree that with proper precautions the disease may be prevented. Aged and enfeebled persons, in fact any one whose system is run down, require a healthful stimulant just now. The medical faculty are a unit upon this point. Klein's "Silver Age" and "Duquesne" rye whiskies which sell respectively at $1.50 and $1.25 per full quart are the purest and best stimulants known. The most skilled practitioners in the country indorse and prescribe these brands and leading hospitals use them exclusively. Major Klein also sells Guckenheimer Finch, Gibson, Overholt and Bear Creek at $1 per quart or six quarts for $5. His establishment is headquarters for everything in the liquor line. Goods expressed everywhere. Send for Catalogue, mentioning this paper, to

MAX KLEIN
82 Federal St.
Allegheny City, Pa.

Consumption Cured

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES
820 Powers' Block, Rochester N Y
26marly

WANTED.—GIRLS WANTED to knit at the Milroy Woolen Mill. Wages while learning somewhat more than cost of boarding. When learned girls can make very good wages by the piece. Apply in person or by letter with testimonials of character to

THOMPSON BROTHERS,
10tf Milroy, Pa.

NOTICE.—THE UNDERSIGNED HAS made application to the Land Department for a warrant for one hundred acres of unseated land in Potter township, Centre county, adjoining lands of Evan Evans heirs on the south; Samuel Treaster's heirs on the west, and Gilliland and others on the north.

mar10-3t W. W. PARKER.

PUBLIC SALE.—AT THE RESIDENCE OF Wm. Luse, dec'd.: near Penn Cave, on March 26th, 1892: 5 head of horses, 2 breed mares 1 with foal, 1 Percheron stallion 3 years old. 5 milk cows, some will be fresh by time of sale. 12 head of young cattle. 4 heifers will be fresh by last of April, 1 bull three years old. 6 head of extra good Leicester sheep, 8 large shoats, 2 breed sows, 1 good 2-horse Conklin wagon, 1 4-horse wagon, 4 inch tire, 1 new 2-horse platform spring wagon, 1 new top buggy, 1 new road cart, 2 bob sleds, 1 as good as new, 1 new log sled, 1 good sleigh, 1 Johnston mower, 1 Excelsior reaper combined, drill, hay rake, Bench cultivator with spring hoes, 1 Keystone cultivator, 2 small cultivators, 2 corn scrapers, 1 new land roller, Centre Hall corn planter, 2 spring harrows, 3 drag harrows, 6 plows threshing machine, power, shaker and belt, hayfork, rope and pulleys, cutting box, 2 set tug harness, 2 set front gears, 1 set breechbands, 1 set single harness, 1 set double harness, lot collars, bridles, halters, 3 set flynets, rakes, forks, doubletrees, singletrees, chains, etc., 1 good Stoddard creamery 3 cans, chopper machine, sausage stuffer, lard press, tubs, 3 meat vessels, 2 iron kettles, lot of bags, 1 cook stove, ten plate and parlor stove with pipe, and some household furniture, and other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 9 o'clock, when terms will be made known.

No hucksters or ball players on the premises.

ROSETTA E. LUSE
N. W. REAM,
Administrators.

NOTICE—AT THE ANNUAL ELECTION of the stockholders of the Centre Hall Water Company, on the 1st Monday of May, being the 2nd day of May, 1892, action will be taken of approval or disapproval of the proposed increase of the capital stock of said company from $5000 to $7500.

WM. WOLF, Secretary. FRED KURTZ, President.

3mar-2m

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Wm. Long, dec'd, late of Gregg township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

ROSETTA E. LUSE.
N. W. REAM,
mar3-6t Administrators.

VALUABLE FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned will offer at private sale the valuable farm in Georges Valley, near Spring Mills, containing

160 ACRES,

more or less, 90 acres of which is cleared and in excellent state of cultivation, the balance in good timber land. The buildings consist of a new

2-STORY DWELLING HOUSE

9 rooms, Wash house, etc., good bank barn and other outbuildings. All buildings except barn are newly erected, and the barn is in very good condition. The farm is in a convenient and desirable location, being located near railroad, postoffice, churches schools, etc., and is an excellent opportunity for an investment Also

100 ACRES OF MOUMTAIN TIMBER LAND.

will be offered in connection with this farm or separate. Apply to or address

G. R. DECKER.
feb25-3m Spring Mills.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAMENTARY on the estate of John Emerick late of Centre Hall borough, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons owing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

C. E. EMERICK.
feb25t Executor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Robert J. Smith, late of Gregg township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement

SAMUEL HOMAN,
SARAH A. HOMAN,
Administrators,
25feb-6t Farmers Mills.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of John P. Runkle, dec'd., late of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

GEORGE W SPANGLER,
JAMES C. RUNKLE,
mar3-6t Administrators.

BOY WANTED.—BOY WANTED TO LEARN the tanning trade; aged about 18 years. Apply at once to J. S. ROWE,
10tf Centre Hall.

Centre Hall - Mills -

All grades of Roller flour constantly on hand, at wholesale to dealers and at retail.

All grades of Chop.

Granulated Corn Meal of the finest grades.

Bran, fine and coarse.

Coal, always on hand, Hard, Soft and Woodland all sizes.

All kinds of grain wanted and cash paid for same at highest market prices.

Terms, for Flour, Feed and Coal, strictly cash.

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The illustrations in the **Ledger** are beautiful. It is one of the best illustrated papers in the world.

These three numbers will contain the following interesting reading: Two complete novelettes, beautifully illustrated, one by Helen Marshall North, entitled "The Romance of Cynthia Nesbit," the other by Louis Harman Peet, entitled "At the Eleventh Hour;" also illustrated short stories by such authors as **Amelia E. Barr, Mary Kyle Dallas, Anna Sheilds, W. Thomson** and **Col. Thomas W. Knox**; numerous poems; three pages of the "**Woman's World**" department, full of information that will interest every mother and daughter; news from "**The World's Four Corners**," and many short miscellaneous articles brimful of useful information; and the three opening installments of a most interesting serial story, entitled "**Morris Julian's Wife**;" also one installment in each number of "**The Other Bond**," **Miss Dora Russell's** most successful serial—all sent for only 10 cents. Address

NEW YORK LEDGER,
ROBERT BONNER'S SONS, 180 William St., N. Y.

HOMESTEAD FOR SALE OR RENT.—THE undersigned offers a desirable homestead for sale, consisting of 25 acres of land of which 25 acres are good young timber. Thereon a plank frame house, bank barn, with other outbuildings, choice fruit and excellent water, adjoins the Heckman farm west of Centre Hall, on the old Lewistown road leading to the pike. Apply or address,

W. W. Horner,
Centre Hall, Pa.

APPLICATION FOR LICENSE.—NOTICE is hereby given that the following named person has filed a petition for liquor license in the office of the Clerk of Quarter Sessions of Centre County and that application will be made to the said Court on Saturday, March 26, 1892, to grant the same.

Name.	*Kind.*	*Place.*
Martha Asheroft,	Tavern	2d W., Philipsburg.

I. A. SCHAEFFER,
Bellefonte, Pa., March 8, 1892. Clerk.

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Philadelphia Press,

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Embrace, in addition to the very latest news, departments for Ladies, for the Home, Farm and Garden, Industrial, Mining and Manufacturing and alone are worth the subscription price—ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

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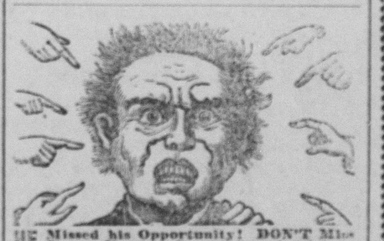
Pittsburg, Pa.



HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. Life is passing! Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the GOLDEN opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise: that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The GOLDEN opportunity for many is here. Money to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you progress. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct you how, free. Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all free by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once, Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.

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Musical College.

The Spring Session opens Monday, May 1st, for Young Ladies in Vocal and Instrumental Music.—Address for circular, H. B. MOYER,
Freeburgh, Pa.

CAUTION.—ALL PERSONS ARE HEREBY cautioned against harboring or trusting my wife Mary Ann, on my account, as she left my bed and board without any just cause or provocation and I will not pay any debts of her contracting unless compelled by law.

MICHAEL CONFER.
8-3t Potters Mills, Feb. 24th, 1892.

THE WORLD FOR 1892.

"The most energetic, resolute and relentless journal in America when it sets out to accomplish any great object; I can testify to its humanity, comprehension and persistence."—GAIL HAMILTON.

We can tell our Republican readers a secret and our Democratic friends a piece of good news:

The World intends to and will elect another Democratic President this year, as it elected Grover Cleveland in 1884.

Whether the Democratic candidate shall be Grover Cleveland, representing the cause of Tariff Reform, or any one of a number of other Democratic leaders who can be elected, representing all the elements of opposition to Republicanism, The World will be foremost in his support. *The next President must be a Democrat.*

But while doing this The World will give to its Republican readers, as it did in the recent campaign, a fuller and better report of Republican meetings and speeches in the Presidential canvass than the organs of their own party print. *The World never colors news; it photographs events.*

The World is now printing an average of over 350,000 copies a day. It has made a net average gain of 26,000 a day during the past year. It will circulate next year, on the basis of this increase only, at least 120,000,000 copies of the ablest, strongest and best Democratic newspaper printed.

The World is recognized as distinctively the Newspaper of the People. It believes that to be the highest journalism which is dedicated to the public service.

The World puts heart and conscience into its work as well as brains. It is the handmaid of Justice, the unraveller of mysteries, the detector and the terror of Crime, the friend of the friendless, the help of the poor, the strength of the weak. Realizing that its power comes from the People, it gives back to them freely whatever service its influence and its resources enable it to render.

With a perfect equipment, a thorough organization, capable direction and a deep determination to move on and up to higher ideals and greater achievements, The World wishes its multitude of readers a Happy New Year and confidently bids them to expect from it during 1892 even more wonderful things than it has already accomplished.

HUMPHREYS'

DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named.

These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the **sovereign remedies of the World.**

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SPECIFICS

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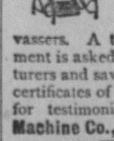

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Baltimore Olive Branch—D. M. Metzger.
Hobbville—W. W. Rhoads.
Alberton—H. H. Douty.
Jarrettsville—A. S. Baumgardner,
Shrewsburg—A. W. Swengle.
Glen Rock—G. W. Currin.
Loganville—E. D. Keen.
York, Queen Street—J. Shambach.
York, King Street—U. F. Swengle.
York, Circuit—E. B. Baily.
East Prospect—George Josephs.
Chanceford—C. H. Goodling.
Red Lion—J. M. Price.
Millersville—N. Young.
Wrightsville—L. S. Reichard.
New Steelton and Landing to be supplied.

H. N. Grenninger, member of the Hebbville Quarterly Conference.

J. M. Ettinger, member of the York Trinity Quarterly Conference.

CARLISLE DISTRICT.

W. E. Detwiler, Presiding Elder.
Carlisle—J. C. Reeser.
Cumberland—J. R. Sechrist and J. H. Furner.
Dillsburg—J. Womelsdorf.
Bendersville—L. K. Harris.
Lewisberry—L. E. Crumbling.
Big Spring—P. W. Group.
Leesburg—E. L. Kessler.
Hagerstown—J. W. Bentz.
Hagerstown Circuit—C. F. Garret.
Perry—H. T. Searles.
Newport and Marysville—S. P. Reemer.
Liverpool—D. P. Schaeffer.
Fishing Creek—W. C. Bierly.
Juniata—G. L. Maice.
Hanover—J. P. Buchner.

S. W. Seidert, member of Newport and Maysville Quarterly Conference.

B. F. Hall, member of Fishing Creek Quarterly Conference.

H. B. Hartzler, member of Carlisle Quarterly Conference.

CENTRE DISTRICT.

J. Hartzler, Presiding Elder.
Lewistown—W. B. Cox.
Patterson—W. N. Wallis.
McClure—P. C. Weidemeyer.
Middleburg—J. D. Stover and I. E. Spangler.
Port Treverton—S. Smith.
New Berlin—J. G. M. Swengel.
Millmont—D. L. Kepner.
Centre—C. F. Finkbinder.
Spring Mills—J. H. Hertz.
Brush Valley—S. Aurand.
Sugar Valley—P. F. Jarrett.
Nittany Valley—J. J. Lohr and H. W. Bender.
Centre Hall—S. E. Davis.
Bellefonte—E. W. Koontz.

Prof. A. E. Gobble member of New Berlin Quarterly Conference.

H. B. Barshinger, member of Nittany Valley Quarterly Conference.

LEWISBURG DISTRICT.

A. A. Irvine, Presiding Elder.
Lewisburg—E. Crumbling.
Buffalo—J. D. Shortress.
Milton—H. W. Gross.
Washingtonville—W. J. Campbell.
Hughesville—A. Stapleton.
Muncy Valley—W. Minsker.
Dushore—H. Minsker.
Danville—J. F. Dunlap.
Bloomsburg—C. L. Sones.
Light Street—E. E. Shaffer.
Waller—J. G, Whitmyer.
Columbia—C. J. Dick.
Berwick—G. E. Zehner.
Nescopeck—M. Fosselman.
Luzerne—S. S. Mumey.
Zion's Grove—L. Dice.
Ransom—H. A. Stoke.
Tunkhannock—I. M. Pines.
West Brooklin—B. F. Keller.
Scranton—J. W. Messinger.
West Clifford—D. A. Artman.

A. L. Reeser, G. Hunter, and E. Swengle, members of Lewisburg Quarterly Conference.

C. D. Moore, member of Muncy Valley Quarterly Conference.

WILLIAMSPORT DISTRICT.

Bennet Street—J. A. Hollenback.
Market Street and South Williamsport—B. Hengst.
St. Paul—M. I. Jamieson.
Newberry—W. H. Lilly.
Williamsport Circuit—J. M. King.
Lycoming—W. H. Stover.
Jersey Shore—J. F. Shultz.
Lock Haven Circuit—H. S. Basom.
Lock Haven—A. A. Bender.
Liberty—W. E. Brillhart.
East Liberty—J. B. Fox.
Grover—J. W. Thompson.
Wayland—S. E. Koontz.
White Deer—J. H. Welsh.
Seneca—To be supplied.

E. Kohr, member of Newberry Quarterly Conference.

A. Krause and D. W. Miller, members of Bennet Street Quarterly Conference.

R. Young, member Jersey Shore Quarterly Conference.

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A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds.—If you have never used this Great Cough Medicine one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug store Large bottles 50c. and $1.00.

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Do you want to know a name of one of the best all around household doctors and certainly the cheapest that can be found in any country?

It is Dr. Lemon. Yes, an ordinary, sour, yellow lemon, which you can buy at any grocery for a few cents.

Here are some of the things Dr. Lemon will do for you if you will give him the chance.

Squeeze him into a glass of water every morning and drink him with very little sugar. He will keep your stomach in the best of order and never let Mr. Dyspepsia, whom he hates cordially, get into it.

If you have dark hair and it seems to be falling out cut a slice of the doctor and rub him on your scalp. He will stop that little trouble promptly.

Squeeze him into a quart of milk and he will give you a mixture to rub on your face night and morning and get a complexion like a princess.

Pour him into an equal quantity of glycerine and rub your hands with the mixture before going to bed. If you don't mind sleeping with gloves on, that is better still, and helps the doctor considerably in the task of whitening your hands. In the morning wash your hands thoroughly in warm water and apply the doctor again pure, but only a few drops of him this time. You must not keep this up too long or your hands will show such a dazzling whiteness as to make all the other young ladies in the vicinity jealous.

If a bee or an insect stings you clap a drop of the doctor on to the spot and you will find yourself the better for it.

If you have a troublesome corn the doctor can be again put to good account by rubbing on the toe after you have taken a hot bath and cut as much as possible of the trublesome intruder off.

Besides all this the doctor is always ready to sacrifice himself in the cause of Russian tea—slice him in without sugar—or in the preparation of old fashioned lemonade, than which no drink is more wholesome.

Altogether Dr. Lemon is an individual few people can afford to get along without.

MILLHEIM.

The Happenings as Chronicled by our Ubiquitous Reporter. An Effort to Show up the Council in a Bad Light.

Several new cases of sickness are reported in the town.

Mrs. Catherine Ney, of Aaronsburg, sold her house and lot to A. Z. Sylvis for $400.

W. H. Bollinger and family moved to Altoona where he is an employe in the Pennsylvania car shops.

Mr. Jacob Alter started the fitting in our town by moving from North to Main street in Mr. E. C. Campbell's house.

On Monday the cry of fire aroused the citizens of our town, but found that one of the flues of Mr. Zeigler's house was burning.

Israel Confer, who had a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, is improving under the efficient treatment of Dr. Geo. S. Frank.

Mr. D. W. Zeigler is at home for a short time from Virginia, where he is employed as clerk. He speaks very highly of the place; its extensive lumber operations and large mercantile trade.

On Tuesday a grand child of J. K. Schleiffer, of Poe Mills, was brought here from Columbia county, and burried in Fairview cemetery. Services in the Evangelical church, Rev. Finkbinder officiating.

The auditors' meeting on Monday was quite different from former years. A number of witnesses were examined by a certain individual endeavoring to show that the late town council had been squandering the funds of the borough in public improvements, etc., forgeting that much larger sums had previously been spent in election contests, large or excessive salaries.

To The Ladies of Centre County.

Ladies who are interested in the art of dress cutting should call at Mrs. G. S. Clements, agent and teacher at Centre Hall, for Newton's French and Tailor System of dress cutting, and receive thorough instructions without the use of patterns; also teach economy in drafting seams. This chart when understood by the seamstress, will enable her with the measurement and chart to cut any garment in ladies' and children's wear, to fit without basting it up and trying the garment on. I will also do all kinds of sewing in ladies' wear, dresses and coats and children's wear.

17dec3m Mrs. G. S. CLEMENTS.

Important Business Notice.

Notice is hereby given to all patrons of my store, that after April 1st, next, all business will be conducted strictly upon the cash principle, and all goods will be sold bottom prices for cash only.

ALSO THAT ALL UNSETTLED ACCOUNTS.

after April 1st, next, will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection. So oblige by calling on or before above date to settle accounts.

3mar 3t. GEO. R. MEISS, Ag't.
Tusseyville.

——Have you seen the new stock of overcoats just received at the Philad. Branch?

We use Alcohol

pure alcohol to make WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING. Alcohol is good for leather; it is good for the skin. Alcohol is the chief ingredient of Cologne, Florida Water, and Bay Rum the well known face washes. We think there is nothing too costly to use in a good leather preservative.

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$10,000

for a recipe which will enable us to make WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING at such a price that a retailer can profitably sell it at 10c. a bottle. We hold this offer open until Jan. 1st, 1893.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

The Best Remedy in this world, says J. Hofherr of Syracuse, N. Y., is Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, because my son, who was partially paralyzed three years ago and attacked by fits, has not had any symptoms of them since he took one bottle of the remedy. I most heartily thank for it.

Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, and Weakness.

WEST BROUGHTON, Quebec, Oct. 1, '90.

The Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I ordered was for a young lady of my household, who was almost useless to herself and others, owing to nervous prostration, sleeplessness, weakness, &c., &c. To-day there is quite a change. The young person is much better, stronger, and less nervous. She will continue to use your medicine. I think it is very good.

REV. P. SARVIS.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

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THEY APPRECIATE OUR BARGAINS

The crowds who have thronged our store recently is an indication that they appreciate our bargains in

Dress Goods, Fall and Winter Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, etc.

We still have a big stock on hand, which we will want to replace with spring goods, and for a while will offer better bargains than before. Come early and secure some of them before too late.

Harper & Kreamer.

FREE CRAYON PORTRAITS AND FRAMES

To all our Subscribers for 1892.

We, the publishers of "North American Homes," in order to increase the circulation of our journal throughout the United States and Canada, will spend this year over **one hundred thousand dollars** among our new subscribers in the form of an artistic Crayon Portrait and a handsome frame (as per cut below), to be made **free of charge** for every new subscriber to "**North American Homes.**" Our family journal is a monthly publication consisting of 16 pages, filled with the best literature of the day, by some of the best authors, and is worthy of the great expense we are doing for it. Eight years ago the *New York World* had only about 15,000 daily circulation; to-day it has over 200,000. This was obtained by judicious advertisement and a lavish expenditure of money. What the proprietor of the *N. Y. World* has accomplished we feel confident of doing ourselves. We have a large capital to draw upon, and the **handsome premium** we are giving you will certainly give us the largest circulation of any paper in the world. The money we are spending now among our subscribers will soon come back to us in increased circulation and advertisements. The Crayon Portrait we will have made for you will be executed by the largest association of artists in this city. Their work is among the finest made, and **we guarantee** you an artistic Portrait and a perfect likeness to the original. There is nothing more useful as well as ornament than a handsome framed Crayon Portrait of yourself or any member of your family; therefore this is a chance in a lifetime to get one already framed and ready to hang in your parlor **absolutely free of charge.**

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Send us $1.50, price for one year subscription to "North American Homes," and send us also a photograph, tintype or daguerreotype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you from same an artistic half life size Crayon Portrait, and put the Portrait in a good substantial gilt or bronze frame of 2 inch moulding **absolutely free of charge**; will also furnish you a genuine French glass, boxing and packing same **free of expense.** Cut this out and send it with your photograph at once, also your subscription, which you can remit by Draft, P. O. Money Order, Express Money Order, or Postal Note, made payable to

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World Building, New York.

References—Any newspaper publishers, Rev. T. Dewitt Talmadge, all mercantile agencies and banks in New York City.

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Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor. jan92

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Special attention given to country trade. apr90

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PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table, in effect Nov. 15, 1891.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD.

9.27 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday. For Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 3.15 p. m., New York, 5.50 p. m., Baltimore, 3.20 p. m., Washington, 4.30 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

1.35 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m., New York, 9.35 p. m., Baltimore, 6.45 p. m., Washington at 8.15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.00 p. m.—Train 12. (Daily except Sunday.) For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 10.55 p. m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m. Passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre and Philadelphia.

8.02 p. m.—Train 6. (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 a. m., New York at 7.10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.29 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving a Philadelphia at 6.80 a. m., New York, 9.30 a. m Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.50, a m. Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.36 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.17—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1.56 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday. For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.51 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.25 p. m.—Train 21. (Daily) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.:

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.45 a m, Harrisburg 8.10 a m, daily, Wilkesbarre, 7.25 a. m. (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 10.17 a m

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 8.10 a m, Baltimore 9.00 a m, Wilkesbarre 10.15 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 1.56 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1 leaves New York 9.00 a m, Philadelphia, 11.40 a m; Washington at 10.50 a m, Baltimore at 11.45 a m, Wilkesbarre 3.12 p m, (daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon at 5.34 p m, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 21 leaves New York 2.00 p m, Philadelphia 4.25 p m, Washington 3.25 p m, Baltimore 4.30 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon 9.25 p m. Through coach from Philadelphia.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad. 11.25 p m, Washington 10.00 p m, Baltimore, 11.20 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5.36 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila. Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.				Eastward.		
P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M
2 05	10 25	6 50	Montandon	9 20	1 30	4 55
2 20	10 35	6 20	Lewisburg	9 10	1 20	4 45
2 30		6 30	Biehl	9 00		4 37
2 37		6 35	Vicksburg	8 55		4 32
2 47		6 45	Millinburg	8 48		4 22
3 03		7 00	Millmont	8 27		4 09
3 13		7 08	Glen Iron	8 17		4 02
3 47		7 43	Paddy Mountain	7 48		3 30
3 58		7 55	Coburn	7 32		3 16
4 06		8 01	Zerby	7 24		3 10
4 15		8 10	Rising Spring	7 16		3 02
4 23		8 18	Penn Cave	7 10		2 54
4 28		8 24	Centre Hall	7 05		2 47
4 34		8 32	Gregg	6 57		2 40
4 40		8 37	Linden Hall	6 52		2 32
4 45		8 42	Oak Hall	6 48		2 27
4 49		8 46	Lemont	6 41		2 23
4 56		8 51	Dale Summit	6 37		2 18
5 02		9 00	Pleasant Gap	6 28		2 08
5 05		9 04	Axemann	6 25		2 04
5 10		9 10	Bellefonte	6 20		2 00

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 5.35 and 7.30 p m. returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.35 a. m. 5.05 p m, 8.00 p m, and 6.05 p m

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD Gen'l Pass'ger Agt.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth Is Stranger than Fiction.

STATION MASTER MARCHAND, at the little village of Godarville, not far from Charleroi, in Belgium, has been suspended from his official duties for a most remarkable irregularity in office. He and his wife own a goat, which gives enough milk to satisfy most of the family's needs for milk. The goat has the peculiarity of allowing only Mme. Marchand to milk her, and whenever the station master approaches the goat kicks and bucks. A short time ago, Mme. Marchand went to market before breakfast. The station master was in haste to begin his duties of the day, and there was nothing in the house to eat. He approached the goat with a pail on his arm, and the goat, as usual, began to kick and buck. In despair, he decided to masquerade as his wife and humbug the goat into being milked. He put on his wife's skirts, waist and bonnet, and returned to the shed. The goat was docile, and he began milking her. All his preparations, however, had required more time than he had realized, and before the pail was half full he was astonished by hearing the whistle of the first morning express, which it was his most important duty to meet. He dropped the pail, ran to the house, exchanged his wife's bonnet for his red and blue cap of office, and ran with flying skirts to the station platform. The sight of an individual with a full beard in flowing skirts and a station master's cap dazed everybody on the train, and gave the porters at the station the idea that Marchand had gone crazy. So a policeman was summoned and the station master was marched off to jail. To the railroad authorities at Charleroi, who began an investigation of his conduct, Marchand explained the responsibility of the obstreperous goat for his unprecedented performance. He was punished by temporary retirement from office.

PRESIDENT MCLEOD, of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, about whom the whole country is talking since the consummation of the gigantic coal deal is, like many another American who has attained success and fame, a self-made man. During the early days of his career he was in very straitened circumstances. It is now related of him that before his connection with the railroad business he was the proprietor of a pottery in Texas, and that after a hard struggle for several years he was sold out by the sheriff. Then he went West with unbroken determination to "make his fortune," if possible. About this time Alexander Bryden, of Pittston, Penn., a mine boss, was travelling in Colorado with a view to investigate coal lands there and form a company to operate them if practicable. In a small town he met McLeod, who was financially "flat on his back," with no prospect of bettering his condition. He appealed to Bryden for enough money to pay his fare East again, and his appeal met with a generous response. As he took the money, McLeod said: "Bryden, I'll be in a position some day to return this kindness, and I won't forget you." He was true to his word. When the now great railroad king was placed in charge of the Philadelphia and Reading interests one of his earliest acts was to send for Bryden, who had returned to Pittston, and offer him the superintendency of the company's Schhylkill anthracite industries, one of the most responsible positions in the corporation's business, and most coveted because of the fat salary attached to it. Bryden accepted, took the reins for a year, but found that the duties were telling on his health, and resigned and returned to his old place at Pittston. It is needless to say that Mr. Bryden takes the keenest interest in Mr. McLeod's latest and greatest scheme, and that he hopes for his friend's complete success.

MRS. TARSNEY, wife of Congressman Tarsney, has had quite an experience with cyclones. Her remembrances of them are so vivid that whenever she sees a threatening sky she becomes nervous. "I have been through two," she says, "and in one had a terrible fright. Word reached me that the school-house had been blown down and the children killed. My little son was at school, and to my ideas just then there was only one school-house in Kansas City. I started out. No cars were running and everything seemed ruined. I found my boy's school had been dismissed and he had started for home just as the cyclone came. Then I was more than ever scared. I set half a dozen policemen hunting for him and went towards the wrecked school-house riding in a mule car that had finally found the track. Every child they brought out from the ruins was mine, but still he didn't appear, and after setting more policemen on the hunt, I started home, more dead than alive. When nearly there I looked ahead, hoping to see him playing somewhere. There the little fellow was, trudging along whistling and with his hands in his pockets. When he looked across the road and saw me he simply shouted, 'Mamma, is dinner ready?' The revulsion of feeling was a never-to-be-forgotten sensation. A next-door neighbor told me afterwards that she and a number of other women were in the car when the cyclone struck them and they were greatly terrified, when my little boy piped out above the disturbance, 'What yer 'fraid of? Don't be scared. God's here,' and kept it up till they became quiet. But I hope I shall never see another cyclone."

THERE must be a particularly hot spot in the earth under Wheeling, W. Va. It is hoped to sink the well now being driven there at least a mile. The well is a little less than five inches in diameter. Its peculiarily is that no vein of water has been tapped, and being perfectly dry, scientific men have an unexampled opportunity to conduct their investigations. The temperature is being taken at various depths. At a depth of 1,350 feet the temperature is 68 degrees; at 2,375 feet, 79 degrees; at 3,375 feet, 92 degrees; at 4,375 feet, 108 degrees, and at 4,462 feet it is 111 degrees. Thus the temperature is increasing faster and faster the deeper the boring. For instance, the increase in the 1,000 feet from 2,375 feet to 3,375 feet is about 13 degrees, while the increase in the next 1,100 feet is more than 16 degrees. If the heat goes on increasing in similar progression, a depth will be reached before long where every solid substance will be melted. That, however, will be no indication that the same state of things exists everywhere under the earth's crust, for wells driven in other parts of the world have shown very different rates in the increase of heat.

LUCY MCCLURE, a young girl of eighteen, living in Lincoln County, W. Va., noted as a moonshiner, has added to her already romantic career by eloping with James Adkins. The two met and the young woman, who is masculine in many respects, proposed the elopement. They rode across the country to Milton, where they the Chesapeake and Ohio for Ironton, Ohio, where they were married. They returned home, Lucy appearing very proud of her husband, who is the more effeminate of the two. Lucy's career as a moonshiner has given her fame. She is now under $1,000 bonds to appear before the United States Court to answer the charge of illicit selling. Her plan was a unique one. Her sales were made principally to the workmen on the Norfolk and Western extension. She had a fleet little pony, two jugs and a small revolver. For more than a year she evaded the officers who were after her. She knew every road in the country and had friends along them all. Whenever the officers were in pursuit she would be notified and either escape upon her fleet pony or was shielded by her friends. Finally she was surprised, and the officers being too many for her, she surrendered.

THE police of San Francisco in their war upon the Highbinders and other criminal Chinese societies have found it necessary to invade the sacred Joss-house. The murder of one Chuey Sue Yee, a Chinese doctor, was recently traced to the Chun Ling San Tong Society, and as a means to securing evidence it was decided to break up the meeting-place of the "Council" of the Society. This the police learned was in an old building in the neighborhood of the office where the doctor had been shot down as he sat working at his desk. A squad of police surrounded the place, and ten of them broke into it with axes and sledges. Within a temple of Joss was discovered, furnished and embellished after the Celestial fashion. The policemen with their axes hewed down the god, split the heavy mahogany tables, laid low idols in the niches, and knocked to pieces the metal vessels and other paraphernalia of the society. Nothing was left intact but an iron safe containing the records of the society, which was carried off.

A QUAINT practice still exists (or did exist two years ago) at the bishop of London's palace at Fulham, and this consisted in what appears to be a time-honored custom of rousing up the episcopal domestics by means of a long pole. At Fulham the palace lodge-keeper has a regular early morning duty to perform in knocking up certain of the servants at successive hours, beginning at about half-past five. The pole he uses is not employed, however, like the old church "rousing-staves," which were used in churches directly upon the persons of inattentive or dozing members of the congregation to bring them to a proper sense of their position. The venerable man is provided with a slender rod some fifteen feet in length, and with this he raps on the antique casements of the servants' bedrooms in the quadrangle within the massive wooden gates of the large western archway, and he continues his attentions until the sleeper gives a more or less grateful answer in reply.

THE most widely known of all the "Royal dogs" of the present day is Black, the pet dog of the Russian Grand Duke Alexis. Black is a sportsman's dog of no very aristocratic breed, but of the race of mongrels which the fishermen in the south of France take out to sea. His record is not only a common fisherman, but as a "fisher of men," for he has saved no less than six persons from a watery grave. Some three or four years ago the Grand Duke Alexis was staying at Biarritz. One stormy day a barge was just being wrecked, and he saw a dog dashing with angry growls and barks into the water, and bringing to land, one by one, three drowning men. The Grand Duke approached to caress the dog, and the animal's master then offered Black to him, refusing to accept any payment.

A THRILLING story comes from St. Johns, New Foundland, of the rescue of the crew of the Prince Edward Island schooner Avenger. She was driven on the rocks twenty miles from St. Johns in a blinding snow storm. While she was pounding to pieces the boat was launched and immediately swamped. Murdock Mills volunteered to swim ashore with a lifeline. He was carried ashore on a big wave, but could not land, the coost being so precipitous. He was drawn back on board the vessel, where he rested an hour, and then tried again and successfully. He drew himself up from one point of rock to another until he reached a place where he could fasten a line. Then he drew ashore a larger line, by means of which the captain and crew all got safely to shore.

THE Empress of Germany is in the habit of writing, for a few minutes daily, in her diary. Nobody ever sees the contents of the diary, not even the emperor. At the close of the year a new diary is opened, and the old one, which has a locked clasp, is consigned to the iron safe containing her majesty's domestic jewelry, as she calls it, meaning the gems she is in the habit of wearing when state ceremony does not require her to deck herself with the public jewels of her exalted station. The same key serves for all the diaries and the empress usually carries it attached to a chatelain at her waist. As her majesty is a keen observer of men and things, it is probable that the diaries record many curious impressions and some weighty secrets.

MR. E. PHELPS, of Shreveport, La., is a regular customer of a well-known St. Louis shoe merchant. His orders vary in some details, but never in the size of shoes. To an ordinary St. Louisian the sizes between 12 and 17 are unknown. They are never seen in the show windows, and no citizen ventures on the street with shoes of this calibre. But a colony of colored people in Shreveport would put themselves in agony to wear a shoe smaller than No. 12, and they labor under no inconvenience whatever when their feet are ensconsed in shoes No. 17. The last order called for a dozen, and it was filled from a special department established for this grade.

A HIGHLY exciting wildcat chase recently took place at Will's Cove, about three miles southwest of Livingston, Va. The cat, which was of gigantic proportions, was seen about 9 o'clock in the morning by Mrs. Gabriel Johnson and her two daughters, and they immediately set three large greyhounds on it. The animal ran for some distance, but was finally treed by the dogs, and one of the ladies summoned up the courage to get a double-barrelled gun and fire at the monster. Her bravery was repaid by the sight of the animal falling dead from the tree at the first report of the gun. The ladies are very proud of their success.

JAMES MCCARTY of Gaskill township, one of the most unique characters of Jefferson county, Penn., perhaps of the State, died on a recent Friday, aged 79 years. His death was caused by overheating himself dancing in the open air, for, old as he was, McCarty could still keep step to a time in a very lively fashion. He would often play the violin and dance to the music for half an hour at a time, greatly to the amusement of the onlookers. For years his occupation has been hunting. Up to the time of his last illness he was remarkably active.

HERE'S a nugget for the superstitious. On the night of the crisis of the recent illness of the young English Prince the great clock of Westminster struck thirteen at midnight, according to the testimony of a number of members of a political club in session near the House of Commons. The fatal inference is happily frustrated, however, by simple fact. It was Prince George of Wales and not Prince Albert who was critically ill at the time, and Prince George got well.

ONE day recently a clerk in a Dixon grocery store emptied some sour wine into a pan and thoughtlessly placed it near a coop filled with ducks. They made short work of the pan's contents, and in a few minutes every duck in the coop was under the influence of a royal "jag." They reeled and staggered like drunken men and did not recover from the effects of their potations for several hours.

STRAWBERRIES and mosquitoes are said to be plentiful in the neighborhood of Mount St. Elias the region of perpetual ice and snow. Along the edge of the glacier is a strip of luxuriant vegetation, where strawberry vines cover the ground for miles.

Mark Twain's Pipes and Tobacco.

Jerome K. Jerome tells of a very characteristic chat he had with Mark Twain in London recently, on the subject of the humorist's greatest fad—pipe-smoking.

Every one who knows Mark Twain knows that the pipe and he are simply inseparable. He generally smokes a granulated tobacco, which he keeps in a long check bag made of silk and rubber. When he has finished smoking, he knocks the residue from the bowl of the pipe, takes out the stem, places it in his vest pocket, like a pencil or a stylographic pen, and throws the bowl into the bag containing the granulated tobacco. When he wishes to smoke again (which is usually five minutes later) he fishes out the bowl, which is now filled with tobacco, inserts the stem and strikes a light. Noticing that his pipe was very aged and black, and knowing that he was about to go to France, where corn-cob pipes are not, Jerome asked him if he had brought a supply of pipes with him.

"Oh, no," the humorist answered, "I never smoke a new corn-cob pipe. A new pipes irritates the throat. No corn-cob pipe is fit for anything until it has been used at least a fortnight."

"How do you manage then?" Jerome asked. "Do you follow the example of the man with the tight boots—wear them a couple of weeks before they can be put on?"

"No," said Mark Twain, "I always hire a cheap man—a man who doesn't amount to much, anyhow—who would be as well—or better—dead, and let him break in the pipe for me. I get him to smoke the pipe for a couple of weeks, then put in a new stem and continue operations as long as the pipe holds together."

Mark Twain brought into France with him a huge package of boxes of cigars and tobacco which he took personal charge of. When he placed it on the deck of the steamer crossing the English Channel, while he lit a fresh cigar, he put his foot on this package so as to be sure of its safety. He didn't appear to care what became of the rest of the luggage, so long as the tobacco was safe.

"Going to smuggle that in?" asked Jerome.

"No, sir. I'm the only man on board this steamer who has any tobacco. I will say to the customs officer: 'Tax me what you like, but don't meddle with the tobacco.' They don't know what tobacco is in France."—The Epoch.

What an Eye is Worth.

Representative O'Neil says that one of the first pension cases he worked through under the Cleveland administration was for a constituent who had become entirely blind. The rate of compensation was $72 a month. Immediately he began to get letters from other constituents who had lost an eye in the military service and were getting $18 a month, insisting that their pensions be raised to $36. They argued that if the loss of two eyes entitled a veteran to $72 a month it was a plain and simple mathematical verity that the loss of one eye should be rated at half that sum.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.

Twilled China silks show stripes that have a slight bourette effect.

FOR THE LADIES.

DRAPED PILLOWS.

One of fashion's latest novelties is draped pillows. A silken cover for the outside is made very large and loose. When the pillow has been placed in this covering two bands of ribbon are passed around the pillow, dividing it into halves through its length and breadth. The ribbons should be held rather tight and made into a full bow on the upper side of the pillow. A pretty draped pillow recently seen had drapery of chrysanthemum-yellow silk banded with ribbon shading from yellow to silvery white and brocaded with gold-colored flowers. Ribbon an inch and a half wide is used. —[Chicago Post.

SHADES FOR SPRING.

Light-green and pale chamois-yellow felt hats for the spring will be trimmed with black ostrich tips and a great quantity of handsome satin ribbon. The Rubens hats will be favored, as the brims are moderately wide. The English walking-hat and the new sailors will have rolling brims. One of the square-crowned models is very much like the old style "beefeater" shapes. It is called the English pot hat.

Few heliotrope shades appear among the new spring colors. Great favor is shown to the chamois, beige, and pale-brown dyes; India and begonia are the finest shades in red, and the four leading greens are sage, Russian, Epsom, and la Cigale.—[New York Post.

NEW FITTED COATS.

Rough cloth of very light shades of gray or beige are chosen for fitted coats to wear with various spring dresses. The fabrics woven with loose loops of mohair, partly of darker shades than the ground and partly black, are commended by those who select these goods in Europe. The best coats are very long, measuring thirty-eight inches from neck to end, but there are various shorter coats, some only thirty inches, others thirty-four inches in length. The back is fitted to the figure as far as the waist line, and is quite full below. The front is straight and lapped slightly, and is fastened by loops and pear-shaped buttons that are almost concealed under the lap. The sleeves are ample, but are not very high above the armholes. Short revers and a turned-over collar are faced within an inch of the edge with silk serge in wider diagonal than those of surah. Square side pockets with flaps are on some coats, while others are plain.—[St. Louis Republic.

THE PRETTY WOMAN.

A pretty woman must first of all have clearly cut, regular features. She must have full, clear eyes. She must have a skin that is above reproach, untouched by rouge and powder. The most have glossy hair that has never known the touch or dye. She must have a white, expressive hand, preferably a small one, but not of necessity, if it is well kept and white. She must know how to put on her clothes, or she loses half her beauty. She must fully understand what best suits her in the way of hair dressing, and cling close to that. A woman may have these attractions, and unless her own personality is charming, unless she has tact, it dawns on you, after you have seen her once or twice, that she is not a pretty woman. The most fascinating woman to men usually have less than half these regulation charms.—[Boston Gazette.

TWEEDS ARE HANDSOME.

The prettiest tweeds at present worn are those with a woolly surface in dark Oxford gray, and with a well-defined coarse digonal twill. A dress made of this material for a well-known lady who is shortly to marry a wealthy and popular nobleman has an umbrella skirt, the twill going horizontally in front and at the sides, and diagonally at the back. Round the hem are three narrow rows of black fox. The bodice has a black moire ribbon girdle, fastening in front under a deep jet buckle. Beneath this it is cut in long narrow tabs, each just bordered with black fox. There are three rows round the cuffs, and the collar is edged with black fox at the neck and again below, so that there is a plain band of tweed in the center. There is a long coat of similar tweed lined through with black white striped satin. There is a deep turned down collar faced with silk, and the broad pointed lapels are also faced with silk. The coat fits tightly at the back, but in front is double-breasted and loose, fastened at one side with three very large smoked-pearl buttons. A wide brimmed flat, black felt hat, trimmed with ostrich feather tips and jet, will be worn with this dress and coat.—[Chicago Herald.

A MARVELOUS GOWN.

Great big sleeves are very fashionable for house dresses. The bigger the sleeves the more fashionable the gown. A very well known literary woman recently gave an afternoon at home, or more properly speaking, she recently stayed at home of an afternoon and permitted her friends to come and gaze upon her gown. It was a marvel as far as her sleeves were concerned, and the ambitious literary woman posed and poised, walked and talked, giving all the while the most careful attention and study to the picture which she was making in her big-sleeved gown. By the way, the dress was all white, and have you ever noticed that if you wish to make a genuine sensation you must dress in white—pure, unadulterated white. You will be noticeable then in a whole roomful, while if you dress in colors you will be swallowed up in the general gayety of the scene.—[New York Advertiser.

SHE RUNS A RANCH.

Mrs. Emma Perry is a quiet, refined little lady, who for some years has been successfully conducting a large cattle ranch near Marena, Kan. In 1887 Mrs. Perry was left a widow, after less than a year of married life. During her husband's illness she intrusted his business to others, the result being that the ranch affairs were found to be in a most deplorable condition and bankruptcy stared her in the face when she took possession of her property. Partly to save something from the impending wreck, and partly to occupy her mind after her great loss, she assumed control of the estate and became it active manager. Owning a section of land, seventy-five head of cattle and a few ponies, Mrs. Perry commenced her new life, bearing in mind the many wrecks all about her. Rising early and retiring late, much of her time in the saddle, she soon had order restored and her business affairs well in hand. Of course, she has suffered reverses, but she has passed through them all with such good judgment and management that to-day she is wealthy and prosperous. Horses are her delight, and there is seldom a race within miles of her ranch in which one of her horses is not entered, and usually first money is brought to her as the result of her judgment and her knowledge of horseflesh. She is a daring and accomplished rider and can be seen almost any day, fair or otherwise, riding rapidly over the plains, followed by several favorite greyhounds. —[Chicago Post.

FASHION NOTES.

Modistes now charge extra not to duplicate the costumes they make.

Black hose for slipper wear have the instep in new designs of lace work.

It is noticed that the English fashion of bridemaids in colors now obtains here.

Venetian hand-carved furniture is the latest to receive fashionable acceptation.

Artificial violets made of silk and perfumed are in close proximity to perfection.

The locomotion of the "swagger set" is not a style of pedestrianism worth imitation.

Blue serge is suitable for general wear dresses intended for shopping, walking, traveling, etc.

No woman remembers ever to have seen anything handsomer than the new sunshades now on exhibit in the shops.

Jewel boxes from Japan are screwed to the bedstead underneath the mattress, and have a new combination for each day of the week.

Black watered silks striped with gold, nasturtium red, old rose, mauve, etc., are made up with soft, lustrous satins the color of the stripe, draped with black lace, or wrought with cut jet in fine arabesque designs.

A stylish and pretty effect was lately produced by wearing a black-and-gold striped silk corsage most simply fashioned over a black silk skirt, the lower edge of which wae finished with a yellow silk ruche set inside a wider one of black, the edges of both ruches being narrowly fringed.

Six or seven yards of double-width wool goods will make a dress in the simple way now fashionable, with a bell skirt, and belted waist. Some fancy material may be added for a yoke, belt, collar, and cuffs, such as ribbed velvet or striped moire, with gay colors on a black ground, or else dotted or brocaded satin.

The new French swallow-tail coats will be smartly worn by slender women. The seams up the back of a golden-brown cloth coat of this description are overlaid with fine brown silk gimp half an inch wide. This gimp is carried the whole length of the garment, and it also covers the side seams and the dart seams in front.

Whatever change may take place in the style of the corsage in the near future, there is yet, generally speaking, no such thing as a wholly plain waist outside of Shakerdom or the convent. All are draped or garnitured in some fashion on one or both sides, down the centre, or combining the three style on one corsage.

Rough effects will again prevail among dress fabrics, and French camel's hair and English serge will be among the favored materials. Pinked and fringed ruchings will be used as trimmings. The three-quarter coat reappears en suite with walking and visiting costumes, this very frequently of a fabric matching the gown.

Flower fringes are very popular, and they come in all dainty blossoms, such as forget-me-nots, violets, valley lilies, and small blossoms generally. With them come pretty and effectively arranged garlands for the corsage, and sometimes a little coronet for the hair, with a few nodding blossoms standing up in aigrette fashion.

Very ladylike and handsome gowns of fine Venetian cloth are worn at afternoon teas and informal dinners. These, as a rule, are in princess style, with artistic Greek draperies, which give them their title of "picture" dresses. Beautiful India cashmeres and camel's-hair fabrics are also made up in charming style for visiting and evening concert.

The newest invention for bonnets is a kind of a clasp which is inserted through the hat or bonnet to fix it on the hair. The outer part is made of chiseled gold, steel, or silver, and can be worked so that it opens a small steel clasp in the inside, which pinches the hair. As many as four of these can be worn with a large hat, and with the present hats and bonnets, which have hardly any crown nor anythink to fit to the head, they are very useful.

Soft undressed satins with lustrous surfaces can now be found in all the dry goods houses, and are being sold at just half their former prices. They appear in all the delicate and beautiful evening tints found in higher-priced textiles, and the paler dyes make charming toilets for young girls when fashioned with rather full skirts and bebe waist, with chiffon frill around the neck, and velvet girdle with loops and ends of the same.

Extraordinary Pranks of Rabbits.

Rabbits have been playing some most extraordinary pranks in and near North Lyme, Conn. The other night at a bean supper, while dishes filled with this delightful vegetable were cooling on the porch of the old Sill house, a drove of the animals ate them all up. On the Sunday evening following they crowded into the vestibule of the church in such numbers as to interrupt the sermon. It took the pastor and five members of the congregation nearly a quarter of an hour to clear the room and in doing so they killed eighteen rabbits. Monday night the church society gave a rabbit pie festival.—[Chicago Post.

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

EPITOME OF NEWS GLEANED FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF THE STATE.

EDWARD A. BUSH, a New York horseman visiting Lancaster, was kicked by a horse and fatally injured.

PETITIONS addressed to Governor Pattison were circulated for signatures in the Schulkill Valley asking him to frustrate the plans of the Reading Railroad Company in carrying out its proposed railroad deal and forming a monopoly of the coal interests.

BY an explosion in a mine at Alden, near Wilkes-Barre, three men we killed and four injured.

J. W. HARMONY, a Fayette City glass worker, poured carbon oil over his wife, who was lying in bed, and then set fire to her. The woman was rescued by neighbors. Harmony afterward committed suicide by cutting his throat with a Barlow knife.

AN ugly row between Poles and police took place at a Minersville boarding house, in which a Pole named Shefshice was probably fatally injured. Several others on both sides were badly hurt.

THE 13-year-old son of Captain F.O. Strausser, of Shamokin, was kidnapped by tramps in that town. No clue to the abductors has been found.

ROBERT M'GRAW, a wealthy Pittsburger, went to Mount Pleasant recently to confer with Father May, of that place. He started from there to Connellsville and as nothing has been heard of him since foul play is feared.

THE bids for the erection of Pennsylvania building at the World's Fair were opened at Harrisburg. All were too high and no awards was made. The plans will be modified.

THE anti-Quay movement in Western Pennsylvania was inaugurated at Pittsburg, by the organization of the Republican Association of Western Pennsylvania, which will work in the interests of Congressman Dalzell for the United States Senatorship.

THE primaries held by that portion of the Democratic party of Bail County, which is dissatisfied with the action of the County Convention in naming Hill delegates to the State Convention, resulted in almost a solid Cleveland delegation being elected to the convention.

A NEW Board of Trade has been organized in Allentown consisting of twenty-four of the largest property owners in the city. For many years Allentown's Board of trade has been a weak affair. Ex-Mayor W. K. Ruhe has been elected president and Mayberry S. Weidner secretary.

AT Mahanoy City, John Butt, a Russian miner, was instantly killed, and David Roberts, perhaps fatally injured, by a premature explosion of a blast in the rock tunnel at Morea colliery. Four men were injured by an explosion of gas at the Elmwood colliery.

CLARENCE GRAVES, while standing on the roof of his home at Harrisburg, watching a fire in a building nearby, fell to the ground, breaking his neck.

A PETITION is being circulated among the members of the Pennsylvania State Editorial Association, asking the Board of Pardons to recommend for Executive clemency, John A. Mellon and William H. Porter of the Beaver Star, sentenced to six months imprisonment for libeling Senator Quay.

THE hearing of Assistant Postmaster Myler, of Allegheny city, was postponed until the Scranton term of the United States Court.

BECAUSE of domestic troubles Mrs. Wm. L. Stewart, of Uniontown, committed suicide by hanging.

WHILE riding on a train near Holmesburg, Supreme Court Prothonotary John C. Newmeyer, was seized with a fit of mental aberration. He was afterward taken to Pittsburg. He has been suffering from an operation performed on the foot.

AT Hollidaysburg there was a lively quarrel between the rival Democratic factions. One of the men who wanted to preside at the convention was knocked down and the janitor an 18-year-old boy, while trying to protect a piano from destruction, was also beaten. The trouble was finally quelled by a Deputy Sheriff. The separate factions then held meetings and Grover Cleveland was indorsed.

MACHINISTS met at Pittsburg for the purpose of forming a federation.

ROBERT MCCLURE, of Pittsburg, agent of the Law and Order Society, was arrested charged with perjury. The information was made by Alderman Reilly by James W. Scott, a newsdealer, on the South side. Scott was recently arrested and fined at the instance of McClure, who testified that he had personally purchased a paper from Scott on the Sabbath Day.

WHILE Rev. Samuel A. Leinback was preaching in Trinity Church, Leesport, Berks County, a 32-calibre bullet crashed through a window, passed close by his head and fell on the head of one of the deacons. The neighborhood was searched, but the person who fired the shot was not found.

A GAS explosion took place at the Merriam Colliery, at Ashland and August Wohler and Michael Colgan were very badly burned and cannot live. The cause of the explosion is not known, as neither of the injured men were able to speak.

A BILL in equity to quash the Reading deal was filed by Mr. Arnot, a banker of Elmira, a stockholder in the Lehigh Valley Road at Williamsport.

LAURA ALLENDER, of Allentown, was arrested on the charge of polygamy. It is known that she has three husbands living.

Points About January.

Dianus, or Janus Bifrons, was the old party for whom the Romans named this month. He was originally the janitor of the gods, and opened the doors of the morning for Rosyfinger, or Dawn, after whom came the Sun in his chariot; but later he was put at the head of the war office while Mars was the acting god of war. The old party was represented with two faces looking in opposite directions, to indicate the uncertainties of war, whence he was named Janus Bifrons, which may be freely translated Holy Two-front. This just suits January, which opens the year, looks both ways in time and is as uncertain in weather as war is in results. The most confident Wiggins seldom claims foreknowledge of January's weather, while the goose bone and the corn husk are equally at fault.

TWO WORLDS.

I have a world I call my own,
(So each soul
Hath its dole,)
And from the radiance of the sun
Far above it,
To the violet, tiniest one
In the wood, I love it.

Not for me the joyous thrills
Born of breath of daffodils;
In the Poet's world they grow.
They were Wordsworth's long ago;
But Hepatica for me
Smiles, and pure Anemone
In the springtime whispers low.
While Goldenrod and Aster gay
Bright in autumn nod my way.
I love my world, I love it!
Not to me the Nightinga'es
Tell their musical love tales;
Keats' are they,
Made his own
By the poet's magic art
Round them thrown.
But the note of Robin clear
Is, mayhap, to me as dear,
And the song sparrow's re'rain
Bids me "hope" and "hope again."
This world of mine, I love it!

"The lark to heaven's gate soaring"
I follow not with eyes adoring,
He is Shelley's,
Shrined forever
In a music
Ceasing never,
But for me the Bobolink
Fills June's sky
With a melody I drink
With ecstasy.
I love my world, I love it!

Ah! this my world I love,
And the poets' world as true,
For with them all will I rove
In the places once they knew;
With the heart of a lover
I sing over and over,
Their world is my world,
And I love it, too!

—[ELLEN B. CURRIER, in Boston Transcript.

THE OLD TOWER.

The westering sun seemed to pause for one golden second on the edge of the sea, and Mrs. Berrydale involuntarily put up her plump hand, dimpled in each one of its five joints, to shield her eyes from the ribbon of flame which blazed along the waves.

"Isn't it a lovely sight," said she. "And only to think that to-morrow we shall have to go back to those dismal city streets and begin the daily grind of workday life. Oh, I don't know how I shall ever endure it after these delicious two weeks by the seashore!"

Mrs. Berrydale was cashier in a huge feather factory, a charming widow, who answered exactly to Byron's idea of "fat, fair and forty."

Her companion, a tall, slim girl, with rich brown hair, large hazel eyes and bewitchingly irregular features, smiled.

"We?" said she, with a slight accent of interrogation in her voice.

"Oh, I forgot!" cried Mrs. Berrydale. "But really, Melanie Morton, do you intend to give up all your prospects and bury yourself alive in this country place?"

"I've promised Charley!" quietly responded Melanie.

"But he's nothing on earth but the keeper of a lighthouse!" pleaded Mrs. Berrydale, "and only think of being shut up in that living tomb, half a mile out to sea!"

"I shouldn't mind it at all, so long as Charley was there, too," demurely answered Melanie.

"It will be awfully lonesome!"

"With one's husband?"

"And you've been used to such a gay life in Madison's store!"

"It has been too gay," said Melanie.

"And every one says old Madison would marry you in a minute if you'd give him the least encouragement."

Melanie elevated her pretty little nose.

"I'd as soon marry the wooden Peruvian in front of a tobacco store," said she.

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Berrydale, laughing. "Look here, Mel!"

In the plump, white hand she held out two or three cigars, brown-sealed and fragrant, and a box of matches.

"Speaking of tobacco stores," said she, "I snatched these away from Captain Maryland this morning."

"What for?"

"Because I think he's smoking too much. Because I've told him he must stop, and yet he still keeps on," declared the widow.

"Are you Captain Maryland's keeper?" laughingly demanded Melanie.

"Well, no, not exactly, but—"

"Helen!" cried Melanie, seizing both her companion's hands and looking her resolutely in the face, "you are blushing! You are absolutely blushing!"

"No, I'm not!" cried Mrs. Berrydale, looking pinker than ever. "It's the reflection of that red sunset over the water. Why should I blush?"

"Because you like Fred Maryland. You know you do. Helen! Helen! if only you would marry Fred, and then we need neither of us go back to the city again! We could be so happy, Helen!"

"Mel, what nonsense you are talking! He never has asked me!"

"But he would if you'd give him the slightest chance. And he has such a pretty colonial cottage, and he owns a fifth of the vessel he commands."

"A sea captain is too much in the habit of commanding," observed Mrs. Berrydale, solemnly. "He might want to command me! Oh, Mel, look there! We're not half a mile away from that ruinous old tower on Pebble Point. Let's go and see what it's like. Come; it's our last night here."

"But Charley told me not to go near it!" urged Melanie.

Mrs. Berrydale tossed her handsome blonde head.

"That's the very reason I mean to go," said she. "And Charley needn't know."

"Indeed, Helen, I'd rather not!"

"Just as you please," said Mrs. Berrydale, rising from the rock upon which she had perched herself. "If you've got the conscience to desert me, do so. But I'm determined to see what's in the inside of that old ruin."

And, unwillingly enough, Melanie followed her friend across the glistening sand, fringed with ridges of still dropping seaweed, and dotted here and there with odd little convoluted shells.

"It's nothing worth visiting," reasoned she. "I dare say it used to be an old church, and there's nothing left of it but the tower."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Berrydale. "A church indeed! But you believe everything that Charley Torrance tells you. It's a real old Revolutionary relic. Just see how thick the walls are! And what dear little slit-like windows! Oh, I must get into the place! Perhaps it's a smuggler's den."

"What nonsense, Helen! Don't you see the door is closed and locked?"

"Closed, yes; but I don't believe it's locked. Anyhow, I mean to try. Come."

Melanie hung back.

"Don't, Helen!" she argued. "It's growing dusk and the wind has turned cold." She shivered slightly as she spoke. "I'm sure there's a storm blowing up."

But Mrs. Berrydale was in one of her merriest, most willful moods. She caught Melanie's hand and dragged her into the shadow of the solid-looking old tower.

"Perhaps to meet your fate!" said she, rolling her R's in true elocutionary fashion. "It may be the ghost of Captain Kidd, or it may be a smuggler, or it may be Captain Fred Maryland."

She pushed the creaking door open and entered, still dragging Melanie at her heels.

"A liquor storage, I think," said, straining her eyes into the semi-darkness. "A lot of little barrels, laid on their sides! Now—I—do—wonder—what—they—are? Ah!" with a sudden inspiration, "wasn't it lucky I stole Fred's matches away?"

She drew the box of matches from her pocket with a quick motion which was habitual to her. In the same instant the dark doorway was again darkened—this time by a tall, masculine figure.

"Captain Maryland!"

Mrs. Berrydale stood transfixed with amazement, the box in one hand, the upraised match, ready to strike against it, in the other.

Captain Maryland snatched both from her and thrust them deep into his pocket.

"Now go!" said he, in deep, stern accents.

Mrs. Berrydale flushed to the very roots of her curly, gold-brown bangs.

"I won't!" she cried. "You forget, Captain Maryland, that you are not on your own quarter deck! And anyhow," with a tone of defiant mischief in her voice, "I've got one match left in the bottom of my pocket."

She was fumbling for it, when the tall sea captain suddenly caught her up in his arms as if she had been an oversized wax doll, and, striding through the narrow doorway, carried her some dozen yards or so across the glistening beach, before he put her down.

"How dare you?" cried the widow, involuntarily putting up her hand to straighten out her rumpled tresses. "I never, never will forgive you!"

"But Helen—"

"Nor will I ever speak to you again!"

"Mrs. Berrydale—"

But before he could get the words out, the pretty widow had once more seized Melanie's wrist, and the two were vanishing into the gray folds of the twilight.

Neither of them spoke until they had reached the quiet, apple-tree shaded lane which led to the farmhouse where they had been boarding for a few weeks.

Then, as they paused to regain breath, Melanie looked at her companion in surprise.

"Helen," she exclaimed, "you are crying!"

"I—I can't help it!" sobbed Mrs. Berrydale. "He looked at me so! He spoke so sternly!"

"Helen, you love him!"

"No, I don't!" cried Mrs. Berrydale, stamping her foot. "I hate him!"

And then she sat down among the daises and sweetfern and cried harder than ever, until the first sprinklings of a coming shower compelled her to accompany Melanie into the house.

"I've got the match in my pocket still," she said, when she was bathing her eyes before tea. "I—I don't care now whether Captain Maryland smokes or not."

Just as they sat down to the table, a flash of blue lightning outblazed the humble kerosene lamp upon the table—a crash of thunder shook the walls.

Mrs. Berrydale gave a little shriek. She was nervous in thunder storms.

"I dew hope the powder magazine won't be struck," said the farmer's wife, coming in with a plate of hot waffles. "Cap'n Maryland, he's jest had it filled full his last v'yage, an' the company ain't goin' to send for it till next week."

"The what?" said Mrs. Berrydale.

"The powder magazine," explained the farmer's wife. "Don't ye know?—That 'ar old stun' buildin' out on Pebble Beach. 'Tain't possible ye ain't noticed it?"

Mrs. Berrydale and Melanie Morton looked at each other. Both had grown very pale, but the good farmer's wife observed nothing.

"I guess it's safe 'nough," said she, as another peal sounded further off. "The storm's goin' off east, thank goodness!"

In half an hour the rain was over, and the moon was shining brightly. Melanie, who sat at the window, gave a little start.

"I think—there comes Charley Torrance," said she, "up the garden walk!"

"And I'm almost sure," whispered Mrs. Berrydale, "Captain Maryland is with him."

Melanie ran out to meet her lover. Mrs Berrydale sat still in the parlor until Captain Maryland entered. Then she rose, and looked up into his face with pleading eyes.

He held out the fragrant brown cigars and the little match-box which had so nearly precipitated them all into eternity.

"Here they are, Helen," he said. "I give them back to you. You didn't know, did you, that you were standing in a powder magazine when I took them from you so abruptly?"

"I didn't know then, Captain Maryland," said Mrs. Berrydale, in a low voice. "I know it now. And it was your promptness and decision that saved my life—all of our lives."

"You will forgive me then?" he pleaded.

"Oh, Captain Maryland!"

"And you will speak to me again?" Mrs. Berrydale's head drooped.

"You are cruel!" she whispered.

"Cruel! I? And to you? Oh, Helen—oh, my darling!"

When Mrs. Berrydale went back to New York, it was to buy her wedding gown. The feather factory had to look out for a new cashier. She and Melanie were to be lifelong neighbors after all.

"And he has promised me two things," said the bride-elect. "One is to leave off smoking; the other is never again to transport any cargo so dangerous as gunpowder."

"Men never do keep the mad promises they make before marriage," said Melanie, laughing.

"I intend to see to that myself," said Mrs. Berrydale, composedly.—[Saturday Night.

DANGERS ON THE OCEAN.

Numbers of Abandoned Vessels Drifting Along the Highways.

The abandoning of the Abbysinia adds one more to the long list of vessels knocking about the ocean at the mercy of winds, waves and currents. When she was left there seemed but little doubt that she would sink beneath the waves and cease to become a danger to navigation, but she had not gone down at the time the rescuing steamer parted from her, and so she must be looked out for by all vessels passing near the locality.

One recommendation of the International Maritime Conference was that the various nations having commerce on the high seas should patrol the ocean within certain fixed limits and endeavor to free the routes from obstructions of every kind. This would include towing steamers into port that had lost their propellers, sailing ships that were dismasted, vessels that were so much disabled by collision as to need assistance, and, in fact, to relieve the needy of every description and to rid the highways of all dangers. Unfortunately the measure failed to become a law, but the necessities of the case have by no means ceased to exist.

The regular monthly Pilot Chart as issued by the Hydrographic Office contains, in addition to a vast amount of valuable data, tracks which show graphically the course taken by the derelicts, so that masters of vessels leaving port may redouble their vigilance upon approaching the dangerous section in which the wanderer was last seen or to which it may have drifted since the report was made. Many of these vessels have been drifting here and there for months and scarcely a day passes that some one of them is not reported by incoming vessels.

Some of these are bottom side up, and when first sighted look like the body of a huge whale; or if the sea is breaking over them the white foam of the broken water catches the eye, and "Breakers ahead!" is what the lookout reports. Others have shifted their cargoes and are listed away over on one side or the other—so far that it seems a perfect wonder that they have not "turned turtle" long ago. Now and then one is sighted with her bow high up out of the water, while her stern is out of sight, while the next one seen is tilted in the opposite direction, as though she were all ready to take a header.

The majority of accidents occur to vessels when in the vicinity of Cape Hatteras; and when abandoned, these vessels are generally carried along by the Gulf Stream, thus drifting into the ocean highway and towards the coast of Great Britain, until they either strike those far-off shores or become so water-soaked that they sink. Occasionally they drift to the eastward and get out of the Gulf Stream, owing to strong westerly winds. —[New York World.

A New Kind of Leather.

James W. Deckert, a Newarker, has discovered a new kink of fancy leather. It is obtained by tanning the stomachs of animals, the same material from which tripe is prepared. Tripe is not tripe until it is prepared for food. What it should be called when considered as material for leather is still an open question. It makes handsome leather for pocketbooks, bags, and fancy articles, and can be dyed in any color. Only the inner membrane is used. The heavy integument is split off, leaving a moderately thin and coarse-fibred leather as soft as chamois.

There is a great variety of grain and pattern in the same piece of the leather, and much of it is too plain to admit of using it in large articles with the best effect, but excellent results can be obtained by matching opposite spots of the skin, it can be called. The part known as the "honeycomb" makes a particularly rich appearance when dyed and polished. It is much more effective than alligator or lizard skin, and much softer and more easily worked into irregular forms. Another part has the appearance of being covered with jet beads when dyed black and polished.

Any part of the material will keep people guessing what it is made from, and that is a part of the pleasure of owning any novelty. The inventor or discoverer of this new leather says that he can get from twelve to fifteen feet from an animal.—[New York Sun.

What Bacteria Are.

Bacteria are simply microscopic plants, the smallest form of vegetable life. In some instances they are so small that it would be necessary to place 15,000 of them end to end in order to make a row an inch in length. They are of widely different forms, some round, some oval, some flat or rod shaped, while still another class are the exact counterparts of small cork-screws. In all cases they are so minute that one needs a powerful microscope in order to study them, and in no case can they be perceived simply with the naked eye. When countless millions are grouped together they may probably be seen, but in this case they may be said to resemble an approaching army, of which we are totally unable to distinguish a single soldier.—[St. Louis Republic.

Your friends may sometimes act mad because you do not come to see them, but they are not as mad as they seem.

Here It Is.

To the man who labors with his hands, physical trouble is a very serious thing. It is not merely the pain he endures, racking and tormenting as it is, but the prospective loss of time, money and place haunts him and aggravates his suffering. He is bent on having prompt relief and sure cure. He wants the best and the proof and here it is: —Mr. W. H. Schroeder, Gilbertville, Iowa, stated April 10, 1884, that he had used St. Jacobs Oil in his stables for horse complaints and upon himself for rheumatism, and had found it the best remedy he had ever tried. Again February 11, 1887, he writes: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism and sore back, as stated, and it cured; and for burns and bruises it does its work as recommended to do. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my neighbors."—Mr. John Garoutt, 656 Minna St., San Francisco, Cal., writes: "Some time back I sprained my knee and suffered agony until I tried St. Jacobs Oil. The result was a speedy and permanent cure."—Miss Ida M. Fleming, 78 Carey St., Baltimore, Md., says: "I had been afflicted for two years with neuralgia, and tried every means to get rid of the tormenting disease. I had been given so much quinine that my nervous system was seriously injured. I was advised to use St. Jacobs Oil, which I did, and it relieved me entirely."

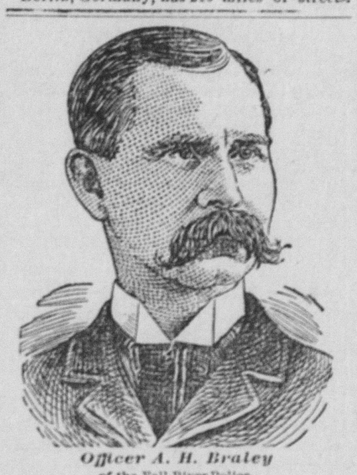
At Tornea, Finland, Christmas Day is less than three hours in length.

The Famous Hot Springs of Arkansas,
"The Carlsbad of America." Solid through trains from St. Louis. Elegant Hotels, Sublime Mountain Scenery. An all year round Health and Pleasure Resort. W. E. Hoyt, G. E. P. Agent, 391 Broadway, New York.

There are 208 students from North America at the Berlin (Germany) University.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Berlin, Germany, has 210 miles of streets.



Officer A. H. Braley
of the Fall River Police,
Is highly gratified with Hood's Sarsaparilla. He was badly run down, had no appetite, what he did eat caused distress and he felt

Tired all the Time

A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla effected a marvelous change. The distress in the stomach is entirely gone, he feels like a new man and can eat anything with old-time relish. For all of which he thanks and cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is very important that in the months of

March April May

The blood should be thoroughly purified and the system be given strength to withstand the debilitating effect of the changing season. For this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar medicinal powers and it is the

Best Spring Medicine

The following, just received, demonstrates its wonderful blood-purifying powers:
"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
"Gentlemen: I have had **salt rheum** for a number of years, and for the past year one of my legs, from the knee down, has been **broken out very badly.** I took blood medicine for a long time with no good results, and was at one time obliged to

Walk With Crutches

I finally concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken one bottle the improvement was so marked that I continued until I had taken three bottles, and am now better than I have been in years. **The Inflammation** has all left my leg and it is entirely healed. I have had such benefit from

Hood's Sarsaparilla

that I concluded to write this voluntary statement."
F. J. TEMPLE, Ridgeway, Mich.

Hood's Pills cure all **Liver Ills.**

A torpid liver is the source of dyspepsia, sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious fever, chills and jaundice.

Tutt's Tiny Pills

have a specific effect on the liver, restoring it to healthy action. 25cts.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed,
Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off.
The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

SOME modern philosopher has given in these twelve lines the summary of life: Seven years in childhood's sport and play, 7; seven years in school from day to day, 14; seven years at trade or college life, 21; seven years to find a place and wife, 28; seven years to building upward given, 35; seven years to business fondly driven, 42; seven years for some wild goose chase, 49; seven years for wealth and bootless race, 56; seven years for hoarding for your heir, 63; seven years in weakness, pain and care, 70; then die and go—you should know where.

THE man who built what is claimed to have been the first transatlantic steamer, the Royal William, lives in North Evanston, one of the suburbs of Chicago. He is James Gondie, a lively veteran of eighty-three years, small of stature, but vigorous and active. The Royal William made the trip from Pictou, Nova Scotia, to Gravesend in the autumn of 1833, and was probably the first vessel propelled by steam to do so, the Savannah, which made the voyage fourteen years before, relying mainly on her canvas for speed, and using only in fine weather the small engine that, built on the deck, could not be relied on during storms.

A RECENT report of casualties to shipping shows some remarkable facts in regard to the great age of some craft still in active service. Thirty-nine sailing vessels mentioned in the report are between fifty and sixty years old, eighteen between sixty and seventy years, thirty between seventy and a hundred, while six have been afloat during a century. This is, of course, only a part of the list of ancient craft still in service, and the vessels referred to are sea-going craft, and not barges or river-boats. It is, however, probable that there is exceedingly little of the original structure left in the old ships. Constant repairing and refitting has almost rebuilt them; but while one plank of the original remains, the vessel retains its identity.

ONE of the long-sought inventions is now reported to have been realized, namely, a machine by which sisal hemp is rendered suitable for commercial purposes, and this without the disproportionate expense which has usually characterized contrivances for this purpose. The object of the machine—that of working out in good condition the fiber from the plant—is said to be satisfactorily realized in its make-up and action to a degree only partially attained heretofore; thus, it is stated, some English-made machines have been in use in San Domingo, in the Bahamas and at other points, but owing to the fact of their cutting the fiber when operating, their employment has proved undesirable. This new machine is an American invention and one of its important advantages is that, when the fiber leaves it, it is ready for the market except drying.

PROF. PUTNAM, chief of the Department of Ethnology of the World's Fair, has perfected his plans for an illustration of Indian life on the American continent. "We are going to illustrate," he says, "the native types of North and South America, with their distinctive dwellings and customs. There will be Esquimaux if our plan does not fail; Aleuts surely, Canadian Crees, Sioux, Apaches—all the distinct families of American Indians. Our show will be arranged geographically on the grounds. At the north end will be the northern tribes with their own styles of residence—if a buffalo-skin tepee may be called a residence. Then towards the south will be the other tribes in relative geographical positions, with our Patagonian visitors to round up the southern limit. We are assured of Indian families from Mexico and Central America. One Central American family will live out over the lagoon in a house built on piles, just as they live at home. Another family will come from Bolivia, so that, taking it all together, we shall have about the most interesting historical and ethnological illustration of native American life that has ever been seen. All these various groups and families will have their native habitations and utensils. Where it is possible the landscape will be made to conform to the nature of the tribes occupying the site. For instance, tropical plants will surround the dwellings of the Central and South American Indians; those families that are used to boats will have their canoes on the lagoon, and that of itself will be a spectacle worth seeing."

MR. S. S. BOYNTON, a California naturalist, comes to the defence of some of our domestic birds that are charged with high crimes against the crops. The meadow lark, he says, is roundly abused by the farmer, and one of the atrocities laid at its door is pulling up shoots of young wheat. A careful examination of the stomachs of a large number of larks shows that their food is mostly insects, and hence the damage done by them is slight compared to the good they perform. In the stomachs of thirty larks opened by Mr. Boynton, one hundred seeds, twenty-five caterpillars, fifty-seven grasshoppers, and eighty beetles were found. From this showing the conclusion flows that the lark is a genuine friend of the farmer. Robins have also been much maligned. Two of these birds under surveillance for an hour were seen to take to their young fifty cut-worms in a country where berries were plentiful. The bluejay is another martyr to public opinion. One writer has said with bitter sarcasm: "If you succeed in killing a bluejay, a hundred strangers come to attend his funeral and to supply his place." But the fact is, that no other bird insists on so many insects as a part of his daily bill of fare. Audubon estimated that two jays and their five young require for food in 100 days 20,000 insects that are harmful to fruit and food plants. Another bird on the black list is the downy woodpecker or sap-sucker, but it also subsists mainly on insects and grubs that are harmful to fruit. Nor is the ruby-throated hummingbird only a honey thief, for while he has a sweet bill he prefers insects. Then there is the sparrow-hawk, which every one regards as a public enemy, but this birds annihilates great quantities of snakes, mice, and insects, and his appetite for them is never satisfied. Martins and swallows are also unfailing insect-devourer. For the crow and sparrow, Mr. Boynton is obliged to enter a plea of guilty.

Wound up
—the man or woman who's "run-down." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery sets the wheels going. It starts the torpid liver into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, cleanses, repairs, and strengthens the system, and restores health and vigor. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it sets at work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, and builds up flesh and strength.

For all scrofulous humors and blood-taints, and even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula), if taken in time, it's a positive remedy.

Unlike the sarsaparillas, which claim to be good for the blood in March, April, and May, "Golden Medical Discovery" works equally well at all seasons.

Unlike other blood-purifiers, too, it's *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, in every case, or your money is returned.

On these terms, it's the *cheapest*. You pay only for the *good* you get. But it's the *best*—or it couldn't be sold so.

DR. KILMER'S
SWAMP-ROOT
Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

Rheumatism,
Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflamation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver,
Impaired digestion, gout, bilious-headache. SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, *La Grippe*, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

Impure Blood,
Scrofula, malaria, gen'l weakness or debility.
Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund to you the price paid.
At Druggists, 50c. Size, $1.00 Size.
"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.
DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

"German Syrup"

Justice of the Peace, George Wilkinson, of Lowville, Murray Co., Minn., makes a deposition concerning a severe cold. Listen to it. "In the Spring of 1888, through exposure I contracted a very severe cold that settled on my lungs. This was accompanied by excessive night sweats. One bottle of Boschee's German Syrup broke up the cold, night sweats, and all and left me in a good, healthy condition. I can give German Syrup my most earnest commendation."

Before the cause of consumption was known (that was only a few years ago) we did not know how Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil did so much good in consumption and in the conditions that lead to consumption.

The explanation is interesting. We send it free in a book on CAREFUL LIVING.

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Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. 41.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery
Takes hold in this order:
Bowels,
Liver,
Kidneys,
Inside Skin,
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Driving everything before it that ought to be out.
You know whether you need it or not.
Sold by every druggist, and manufactured by
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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS., MAR. 17.

RACKET STORE NEWS.

. : *Just In* : .
. : *An Entire New Line of* : .
. : SPRING COATS AND WRAPS : .

Latest novelties. Nothing like 'em in the town. The demand for these goods has already commenced, and whether U think of getting one or not, it will be a pleasure for us to show these elegant garments. The manufacturer of these goods ranks with the best in the country, and we have the exclusive sale of them in Bellefonte.

KOM TO C US
G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEM SPIGELMYER, Jr.

PERSONAL.

——Clem Deininger spent Sunday in Bellefonte.

——Sidney, Krumrine, of Rebersburg, was ln town on Tuesday.

——C. U. Hoffer, of Philipsburg, was an arrival in town on Wednesday.

——Mrs. Kate Moore has been visiting friends at Howard the past several days.

——Mr. W. M. Miller, of Tusseyville, was a caller at the REPORTER office a few days ago.

——Ells Orvis, Esq., and Sheriff Ishler, of Bellefonte, were in the vicinity on Wednesday on professional business.

——J. E. Jones, of Tusseyville, while in town on Wednesday, dropped around at the REPORTER office for a few minutes.

——Andrew Korman, one of Gregg township's jolly farmers, gave our sanctum a call, and had a change made on his label.

——Daniel Smith will move to Elysburg, near Shamokin, in a few days. Danny was a good citizen and we are sorry to see him leave us.

——Wm. Wolf returned home on Friday evening from Scranton, where he had been serving as a juror in the U. S. Court in session there.

——Mr. William Holderman, of near Linden Hall, will remove from his present location to the farm of Mr. Jas. C. Runkle, near Centre Hill, in a week or two.

——Miss Flora Love departed last Thursday morning for Mechanicsburg for a visit with the family of Rev. W. K. Foster. She returned again on Tuesday evening.

——Mr. J. Shannon Boal was down to Centre Hall on Monday. Mr. Boal is making public sale of farm stock, etc., with the intention of becoming a citizen of Centre Hall in a few weeks.

——J. M. Swartz, of Dakota, Ill., writes us: "We had the worst blizzard on 9th and 10th that we had all winter; we had a very changeable winter, and will have a late spring the way it looks."

——After quite a wrestle for several weeks past with pneumonia and other complications, Mr. James W. Runkle, east of Centre Hall, is again able to be out, and on the road to full recovery of health.

——R. B. Spangler having disposed of his interest in the meat market, will move to Hastings, Pa., where he will take the management of a hardware store. We are sorry to see Rube leave and wish him success in his new home.

——Chas. T. Noll, of Bellefonte, has been promoted to the position of manager of the Bellefonte telephone exchange. Charley will make an efficient manager and his many friends will be pleased to hear of his promotion.

——Will Shirk, formerly of our town, who has conducted a meat market in Bellefonte for a number of years, has sold out to O. M. Sheets. Mr. Sheets, the new proprietor, is a gentleman in every sense of the word and Bellefonte people will find him furnishing first class meat right along.

——Rev. F. S. Vought, formerly a pastor of the Centre Hall Evangelical charge, but a minister in the Methodist field, stopped off on Wednesday, at this place, while on his way home from the conference at York. He has again been assigned at Ramey, Clearfield county.

——Ex-Sheriff Spangler who had been laid up of pneumonia, at New Berlin, for near two weeks, arrived home by last Saturday evening's train accompanied by Mrs. Spangler. The sheriff stood the trip fairly well, but took to his bed as a precaution against a back-set, and is on a fair way to be about again.

——Will Runkle, a former Centre Hall lad, but of late employed in Philadelphia as clerk, which position he resigned a few days ago, was an arrival in town last Thursday morning, but departed again on Saturday morning for Knoxville, near Pittsburg. Mrs. C. D. Runkle, his mother who has been visiting here the last several months accompanied him.

DEATH OF JOHN KREBS.

A Highly Respected Citizen of Ferguson Passes away.

In last week's issue of the REPORTER mention was made of the serious illness of Mr. John Krebs, of Pine Grove Mills, from an affection of the heart, and it becomes our sad duty this week to announce his death which took place on Wednesday evening last, 9th at ten o'clock. He had been in precarious health for a year or more from an affection of the heart and stomach and his condition grew gradually more and more serious until death ended his sufferings.

He was a man about 58 years of age and was born and raised on the farm from which he will be buried. He was the oldest son of Squire Krebs and a brother of Judge David Krebs, of Clearfield. He was married to Miss Annie Musser, a sister of Mrs. Frank B. Stover, of Bellefonte.

The deceased leaves a wife and five children which are as follows: Mrs. Wm. Roush, of Pine Grove Mills, Miss Ina, Baker, Newton, and Henry. Two brothers survive him; Levi who lives on a farm near by and William who is in Kansas. His mother is still living, who is a very aged lady. The deceased was a consistent member of the Lutheran church, and lived an upright Christian life.

The funeral took place from his late residence near Pine Grove Mills on the following Saturday afternoon and was largely attended by friends who wished to pay last tribute to deceased.

Stricken Live Stock.

There is no little anxiety among some of the farmers in this section owing to the diseases which manifest themselves in the horses, cattle and sheep. A number of horses have died the past several weeks from a disease which seemingly paralyzes their hind quarters, until death sets in. A number of sheep have died lately from a disease much resembling the staggers, and once they are seized with an attack of the disease they seldom recover. Some sheep owners have lost several already from their flocks, and we expect to hear of more. The cattle also have some disease raging among them, but the nature of it we have failed to learn.

Aged Couple Found Dead.

The Milton Record says: Conrad Cotner and wife, who have lived for years in Limestone township, Montour county, Washingtonville, were found dead in bed last Thursday morning. They were both advanced in years, but retired in usual health. When their son called them to breakfast the following morning he received no response and upon going to their room found them both dead. Death is supposed to have been caused by apoplexy. Mr. Cotner was a man of considerable wealth and he and his wife were well known and estimable persons. Their sudden calling off created no little excitement in the community where they were universally respected.

A Centre Hall Boy Married.

Mr. John Miller, of Johnstown, Pa., and Miss Grace Achenbach, of Loganton, were married in the Lutheran church at Loganton, on Thursday evening, March 3d, by Rev. E. E. Deiterich. John is a son of the late Rev. J. K. Miller, who resided in Centre Hall for a number of years up to a few years ago when he removed to Loganton. Mr. and Mrs. Miller will reside in Johnstown, where he is engaged in in the grocery business in connection with his brother.

The Good Man Will Wax Wroth.

The flitting season is here and the roads will soon be lively with wagons filled full of household effects. Some are glad to flit—others sad—at best it is not profitable nor pleasant, except to the invited ones who look ahead to a good meal and a hoe-down. But to the owner, who has his goods damaged and a big time until he gets "fixed" in his new home, there is not the same amount of enjoyment in flitting.

Committed Suicide by Hanging.

Miss Kate Baker, aged about 45 years, committed suicide on Monday morning, 7th, by hanging herself from a joist in an outbuilding at the home of her sister, in Buffalo township, near Cowan, Union county. Temporary aberation of mind is attributed to Miss Baker's rash act.

Red Nose Mike's Body Stolen.

The body of "Red Nose Mike," the famous Hungarian, who was hanged for the murder of paymaster McClure, in 1888, has been stolen from its resting place in the cemetery at Wilkesbarre. It is supposed that the body was stolen for dissection.

Death at Egg Hill.

Miss Kate Dashmer died at Egg Hill on Friday last, March 10th, aged about 89 years. She was interred at Farmers Mills cemetery on the following Sunday. The services were conducted by her pastor, Rev. W. E. Fischer.

——Every well dressed gentleman get his clothing from the Philad. Branch Bellefonte. They can fit you out in any thing you want, at a bargain. You'll miss it greatly if you don't call to see his stock.

DISTRICT INSTITUTE.

The Opening Session Friday Evening. An Interesting Program Prepared.

The Teachers' District Institute, composed of teachers of Ferguson, College, Harris, and Potter townships, and Centre Hall borough, will meet in session, in Centre Hall, on Friday evening next, March 18th, and to continue until the following Saturday afternoon.

For the Friday evening session, the committee have secured W. I. Swope, Esq., of Bellefonte, to deliver an address. He will also give several recitations.

An effort was made by the committee on arrangements to secure one of the churches of the town in which the sessions of institute could be held, but they were unsuccessful, and the institute will be held in one of the rooms of the school building.

Various topics will be discussed during institute and they will not only be of interest to the teachers, but the spectators as well, and it is hoped that there will be a big turn-out by the citizens and a full attendance throughout it all.

Death of Mrs. Russel Moyer.

Ella, wife of Russel Moyer died on last Monday morning at about nine o'clock after a short illness of only about one week, of pneumonia, at the home of her husband on Hoffer street. Mrs. Moyer was a victim of an attack of the grip which developed pneumonia. She was a daughter of Michael Confer, of near Potters Mills, and was aged about 24 years.

She was the mother of four children, three of whom with her husband survive her, one having died only a few weeks ago.

Her funeral took place on the following Wednesday afternoon from her late residence. Rev. Eisenberg, of the Reformed church officiating.

Examination for Professional Certificates.

The annual examination for professional certificates will be held in the stone school building, Bellefonte, April 15, 1892, beginning at 9 a. m., sharp.

Candidates will be examined in all branches without regard to former marks, and a grade of 1 1-4 must have been made in "practice of teaching" before a certificate of this class can issue. The mark in "practice" will be based on the following observations, noted by the Supt. in his visit: Neatness of room; discipline; methods of instruction; thoroughness of work; and preparation of lessons by the teacher. Along with the above points will be taken the interest shown in the County Institute.

D. O. ETTERS,
Co. Supt.

Marriage License Granted.

Followtng is a list of marriage licenses granted the past week :

Geo. B. Brandon and Lucy Patterson, both of Bellefonte.

Jacob F. Royer and Amanda Ripka, both of Potter township.

Floyd E. Bowersox and Vernie M. Gramley, both of Rebersburg.

Frederick Fehl, Rebersburg, and Chestie Freese, Tylorsville.

Fatal Accident in Lycoming County.

Ten men were buried under the falling roof of a saw mill near Balls Mills, Lycoming county, on Thursday, the roof had collapsed under the heavy weight of snow. The buried men were dug out after a half hour's hard work, George Gottschall dying soon after and Thomas Blair being maimed for life. The other men escaped with slight injuries.

A Deep Cut.

To make room for spring stock on his counters, Lewins, at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte, is disposing of his stock of winter goods at cut prices, and they are cut deeply. A heavy winter suit or an overcoat can be secured at a low figure from him. This is an opportunity seldom accorded the people of this valley.

In Great Demand to Lecture.

Gen. Hastings is delivering his lecture on Johnstown, in different cities—having been in Pittsburg last. There are frequent calls upon the General for his lecture, which is quite popular. We expect to have him deliver it at Centre Hall, in the future.

Blew Off Part of the Roof.

The fierce wind storm which struck this section of the state last Friday, tore off a portion of the roof of the Presbyterian church at Bellefonte. The damage done was considerable, but the building escaped further damage from the gale.

Give Them a Bounty.

In order to give Centre Hall boys recreative employment, the town-council should offer them 1 cent per head for every sparrow killed in the boro. This would keep the saucy pests down, be fun for the boys to boot, and enable them to earn an honest penny with their target guns.

Lost Another Horse.

Farmer John Moore was unfortunate enough to have a horse die for him, and now a few days ago another good beast belonging to him followed its mate to horse heaven, if there is such a place.

BRANDON—PATTERSON.

An Interesting Wedding Event in Bellefonte Last Thursday Morning.

The daily *Gazette* of Thursday morning says: This morning at 8:30, Mr. George B. Brandon, proprietor of the Brockerhoff House, and Mrs. Lucy Patterson, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Dr. Laurie at the residence of the bride on West Allegheny street. The wedding was a quiet one and the newly married couple left on their wedding tour at 9:17 a. m. The bride is a sister of Mrs. C. D. Krider and Mrs. Ed. Rowe. They will visit all the principal cities of the East and we wish them much joy in their new life. On their return, they will locate permanently in this town at the new Brockerhoff House.

Missionary Society Anniversary.

Last Sunday evening the Ladies Aid and Missionary Society of the Reformed church, held their seventh anniversary. The opening services were the same as used at evening worship. This was followed by a dialogue and recitations by Jennie Thomas and Grace Alexander and one by three little girls. The solo by Miss Emily Alexander was well rendered.

The essay by Mrs. Eisenberg was well written and the pleasing manner in which it was read deserves credit. This was followed by an address by the pastor, Rev. S. H. Eisenberg, the collection, a fine quartette entitled, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," doxology and benediction.

Owing to sickness in many families the committee was much retarded in preparation—but we believe that this anniversary will compare favorably with other anniversary exercises. May success attend all the ladies' efforts put forth for the spread of Christ's Kingdom.

Hunters See a White Deer.

The Lock Haven *Express* is responsible for the statement that deer hunters in the vicinity of Caledonia are excited over a white deer which has been seen in the mountains near that place. It is said that it is a large white buck with spreading antlers and the fleetness of the wind. A party of hunters came suddenly upon the animal recently and fired at it, but none of the bullets took effect.

Four Generations.

The census enumerator at Warrensburg found a child three months old; the mother, Mr. Frederick Chandler, one month less than fifteen years; the grandmother, Mrs. John Allen, aged 33 years, and the great-grandmother Mrs. Oscar Greene, aged 54 years all residing in close proximity about six miles south of Warrensburg village. That represents four generations. Those people evidently have done their level best toward increasing the next census count.

A Handsome Fortune.

It is reported that John Cable, of Pardee, recently fell heir to a handsome fortune by the death of a rich uncle, an old bachelor, who lived in Virginia. His portion of the estate will amount to about $43,000, part of which he will receive April 1st and the balance in one year. Some time ago John Cable was employed by the Thompsons at Lemont.

The Road to be Built.

The Marsh Creek correspondent of the *Gazette* says: The through line of railroad from New York to Chicago is a certainty. Houses are being rented all along the line for the men to occupy while grading, and ere the storms of another winter begin to blow around us cars will be running up and down our own beautiful valleys.

One Killed and Three Injured.

A railroad tie sliding from its position on a car that was being removed at Huntingdon on Friday, was caught by a passenger train and hurled a gang of railroad builders nearby, killing Frank Waite, of Three Springs, instantly, and seriously injuring three others. Waite's back was broken and every rib dislocated. He was to have been married next week.

Cut Down Prices.

Lewins, at the Philadelphia Branch, Bellefonte, has made a big reduction in prices on all winter goods. An overcoat or warm suit of clothes can now be secured at cost. The goods must be sold to make room and he proposes to make the low price sell them regardless of any profit. No shoddy and every article purchased a bargain. Take advantage of this cut in price and you will not regret having done so.

Three Years in Jail.

On the 12th day of this month Charles Cleary will have been three years in the jail of Clinton county. The attorneys interested in the case were expecting a decision by the supreme court on Monday, but they were disappointed. The case has not been decided.

Not Very Favorable Condition.

Hon. J. C. Bucher, of Lewisburg who has been ill for some time past with typhoid fever, had a relapse Friday night, making his condition a very serious one.

A DESPERATE LAD.

Ex-Com. Henderson's Son Attempts to Shoot Morgan Richards.

The *Centre Democrat* of the 10th, inst says on Tuesday rumors were afloat about town of an affray at Julian on Monday night, in which Elmer Henderson attempted to shoot another young man, by the name of Morgan Richards. Upon inquiry, at the District Attorney's office, it was found to be correct and the following are the circumstances as related :

Elmer Henderson is a son of ex-commissioner John C. Henderson, and clerks in his father's store at Julian, this county. On Monday evening young Richards was at the store and a quarrel arose between the two in regard to some lady friend of Henderson's living in that section. Richards made a remark about the young lady that angered Henderson, who swore that he would shoot Richards if he did not retract. Richards refused and left the store at once and went up town. Henderson then threatened that if he should pass that store on his way home he would blow his brains out. A brother heard the remark and warned Morgan of the threat and accompanied him on his way home. When they passed the store, being on the opposite side of the street, Henderson saw them and ran out. He drew his revolver and demanded a retraction or he would shoot. Richards backed when Henderson shot at him. Richards turned and ran up the road and Henderson followed shooting a second time. Neither shots, fortunately, took any effect.

Information was made out on Tuesday at Bellefonte, and Capt. Montgomery was sent to make the arrest. It is said that the young man is in the habit of making such threats and that others may appear against him.

Bail to the amount of $500 was given for his appearance at April court. There are various stories afloat in regard to the affair but the above is as near the correct one as could be learned.

Spring Millinary Announcement.

Just received an elegant stock of spring hats and bonnets, ribbons, flowers, laces and trimmings of all kinds. I have a fine assortment of these goods and all hats will be trimmed in latest style. The ladies of Centre Hall and vicinity, are respectfully invited to call and inspect my stock of goods and they will find something that will suit them. The price also will be reasonable on everything. Thanking you for past favors, will respectfully solicit your further patronage:

CORA B. BOOB,
Centre Hall.

Another Proposed New Railway.

Citizens of Huntingdon, acting for the welfare of the town, have asked the attention of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad authorities to the project of making a railroad from Huntingdon to Northumberland and have received a favorable reply. The proposed new road is intended to connect the Huntingdon & Broad Top with the Reading system. President McLeod of the Reading, in a letter just received says that the connection can be made on the west side of the Susquehanna, so that a bridge at Northumberland will not be necessary.

Has Been Called In.

It has been discovered that the new twenty-five-cent silver coin is a dangerous piece on account of its striking resemblance to the ten-dollar gold piece. The coin had hardly begun to circulate freely when some scamps gold plated them and passed them for eagles.

Will Prosecute.

The St. Louis owners of the election booth patent, said to have been adopted by the Penna. commission, have sent notices to the county commissioners of the state warning them against the infringement.

Farms Sold.

The Bloom farm in Gregg township, containing 160 acres, was sold to Benjamin Stover, of Haines township, for $7,000.

Mr. James Hanna sold his farm in Georges Valley to J. D. Long, merchant at Spring Mills, for $6,000.

That Will Help Revive the Town.

The Daily *News* says the rents in Bellefonte will be lower the coming year than they have been in ten years in Bellefonte. This is an evident fact that an inducement will be thrown out to have the citizens remain.

Two Sales Every Day.

In the county this month there will be two sales on every day except Sunday. The farmers are seemingly on a move and stock and implements ought to be purchased very cheaply from the amount that will be disposed of.

Robbed in the Narrows.

Jacob Fischer was robbed of $16 in the Penns Valley narrows below Woodward one day last week by two highway robbers who stopped him on the road and asked in a threatening manner for his money or his life.

——When you want a shoe that will give you satisfaction both in price and quality, go to Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte. He guarantees all goods sold and you get a genuine article.

In Memoriam to John Emerick.

In the death of Bro. John Emerick, Progress Grange, Centre Hall, Pa., lost a very valuable and devoted member; an officer who for many yearf served as its honored Treasurer; a Patron steadfastly devoted to the principles of the order; a citizen upright and honest; a christian devoted and consistent.

The members of the Grange deeply mourn the loss of his pleasant and congenial fellowship, and greatly miss him in his accostumed place and association.

We extend to his family our sincere sympathies and pledge to his devoted wife (Sister Emerick) our support and protection in this hour of her great bereavement.

In memory of his good name and fellowship we drape our charter in morning and record on a special page in our journal this memorial in his memory and send a copy to the wife of the deceased by direction of the Grange.

COM. { C. F. ROMICK.
J. J. ARNEY.
LEONARD RHONE.

An Engineer Gets $19,656.

Erastus R. Bellows, an engineer on the Lehigh Valley road, who was struck by a railroad bridge a year ago near Towanda and had his skull fractured, incapacitating him from further labor, was awarded $19,656 damages by a Bradford county jury last week. He had previously been awarded $9,000 by arbitrators, but the jury thought this too small. Bellows was leaning out of the window of his cab looking for lights when he was struck. The cab he was in that night was narrower than the rest he had been working with and the company claimed that he was negligent by leaning out too ar.

The Poor Editor Again.

If a doctor makes a mistake he buries it; if a merchant makes a mistake he never tells it; if a lawyer makes a mistake he crawls out it; if an editor makes a mistake he puts it up on a large piece of paper for the world to look at, and in every community there are cranks who think they are models of wisdom because they occasionally discover them, and for a week keep their jaws wagging about their greatness for astute wisdom.

NOTICE TO THE ASSURED.

Bellefonte, Pa., September 1st, 1891.

Please take notice that Mr. H. C. Weaver is no longer in my employ as Solicitor, or in any capacity whatever.

Any money paid him will not be credited upon my books, and any statements made by him as to the fact of his being able to re-insure you in the same company are absolutely untrue.

WM. B. RANKIN,
Room 12 Crider's Exchange.

ENTERPRISE MEAT MARKET.

SPIGELMYER & DECKER, MILLHEIM, PA.

Keep on hand first class Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton, Bologna, Ham, Flour, etc. Polite attention and low prices. 10mar1m

HOARSENESS,

So as to speak only in whispers; rough scraping sensation in the throat; soreness in the chest; cough from tickling in the throat are cured by HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC NUMBER SEVEN.

GRAIN MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

Wheat	88
Rye	70
Corn	40
Oats new	27
Barley	40
Buckwheat	45

PRODUCE AT STORES.

Butter	20
Eggs	12
Lard	7
Shoulders	8
Ham	12
Tallow	4
Pot-toes	45
Sides	6

SALE REGISTER.

Friday, March 25th——Joseph M. Gilliland, near Potters Mills, farm stock, implements, etc.

Wednesday, March 30th.—James C. Runkle, at Centre Hill, 3 horses, 6 cows, 4 head young cattle, lot of implements and household goods. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock.

Friday, March 18th.—James Stahl, near Centre Hall, 2 horses, 3 head young cattle, 2-horse wagon platform spring Wagon, and other implements. Sale to commence at one o'clock. D. H. Ruhl, auctioneer.

Tuesday, March 29th.—D. M. Henney, at Potters Mills, 1 horse, 1 cow, household goods, blacksmith tools, etc. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock.

Tuesday, March 29.—J. S. Boal, near Linden Hall, 4 horses, 2 colts, 5 milch cows, 6 head young cattle, hogs, farm implements, household goods, etc. Sale to begin at 10 o'clock, Wm. Goheen, auct'r.

Monday, March 21,—William Holderman, near Linden Hall, at 1 o'clock, horses, milch cows, young cattle, farm implements, household goods, etc.

CAUTION.—HAVING PURCHASED THE following from Joel Kerstetter at Constable's sale, ⅔ of 60 acres of grain, more or less, 1 mower, 2 set harness, 1 sorrel horse, 1 bay mare, 1 gray mare, 11 hogs, 4 cows, all persons are cautioned against meddling with same as I leave same in his possession at my pleasure.
17may3t JOHN SPANGLER.

YOU WE WANT WORKERS
Salary or commission to good men. Fast selling Imported Specialties; also full line GUARANTEED NURSERY STOCK. Stock failing to live replaced FREE.
113m R. D. Leutchford & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.—NOTICE IS HEREby given that the partnership between P. E. Swingle and Floyd Bishop, under the firm name of Swingle & Bishop, was dissolved on March 15th, 1892, by mutual consent. All debts owing to said partnership are to be received by P. E. Swingle. All demands on said partnership are to be presented to him for payment. He will continue to carry on the business as heretofore at the same place.

P. E. SWINGLE.
FLOYD BISHOP.
Woodward.
17mar3t